

SECRET

M A G A Z I N E

Issue N°24

Fetish News

The Glamour Girls of Bill Ward

Interview with Fetish Shibari Star Kumi
with exclusive & never published
pictures by Steve Diet Goedde

Maîtresse Alexandra
by Christophe Mourthé

A day of Extreme Pleasure

Fetish She-Male: Barbie Satin
A life of perversion

Interview with Midori
pictures by Michael Blue

Bound, naked & helpless

The Machine
by Raven Kaldera

Mark your Slave

Drawings by
ROB - Art
Tom Porta
Ed Mironiuk

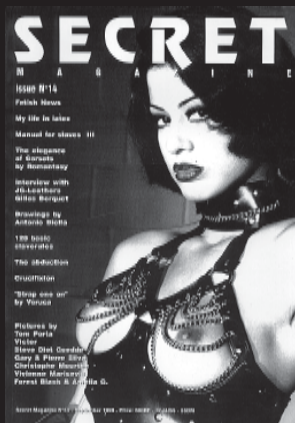
Fetish Model
Audra

My Secret Past
by Slave Dove

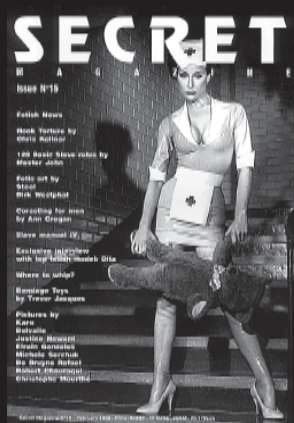
Basic Training:
Horse Play

Photographers:
Arne Jahn
Christine Kessler
Ronald Putzker
Michael Wilce
Julie Simone
David Wintrop
Barbara Nitke
John Chilton
Joseph Robert Jobe

MAGAZINES & BOOKS AVAILABLE FROM SECRET



My life in latex - Manual for Slave part 3 - Elegance of Victorian corsets - Interview with JGLeathers & Gilles Berquet - 128 basic slave rules - Crucifixion - Pictures by Tom Porta - VICTOR - Steve Diet Goedde - Gary & Pierre Silva - Christophe Mourthé - Forset Black & Amelia G. Price: 15•



Fetish News - Hook Torture - 128 Basic Slave rules - Corseting Men - Slave Manual part 4 - Exclusive interview with Dita - Where to Whip? - Bondage Toys - Photos by Karo - Delvalle - Justice Howard - Robert Chourraqui - Christophe Mourthé - Fetish Art by Steel & Dirk Westphal - Price: 15•



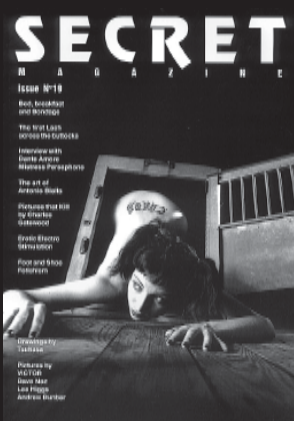
Self Restraint by Jim Stewart - Art by Duncan Gutteridge - The Slave Manual part 4 - Interview with artist Michael Manning - Bondage: The Hogtie position - S&M is a Sophisticated Game - Photos by Del Valle - John Dietrich - Housk Randall - Fetish Art - Trevor Baker - Men in Corsets? - Michelle felt the Clamps - Price: 15•



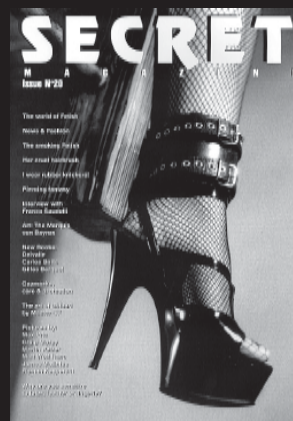
Interview with Fetish Diva Midori - Betty Page - Rubber Submission - Art by Michael Manning - I've messed Myself Again - Metalwear by Kurt Veith - My First S&M experience - Photos by Lyn Gaza - Lex Paris - Stefan De Lay - Sandra Jensen - Philippe Pissier - Christophe Mourthé - Karen Lindsey Harris - Price: 15•



The Art of Japanese Bondage - Breath Control - Prostate stimulator Electrode - Requested extreme Bondage by JG-leathers - Encased in her sexual fluids - Photos by Riccardo Vezzosi - Christophe Mourthé - Roman Kasperski - Doralba Picerno - Price: 15•



Bed, Breakfast & Bondage - Interview with Mistress Persephone - Electro Erotic stimulation - Art by Antonio Biella & Tsubasa - Foot & Shoe Fetishism - Pictures by VICTOR - Dave Naz - Lee Higgs - Andrew Dunbar Price: 15•



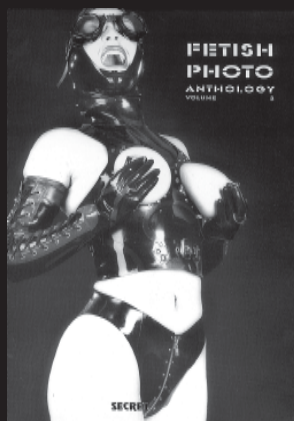
The Smoking Fetish - I wear Rubber knickers - Piercing Fantasy - Spanking with hairbrush - Gazmasks, care & protection - The Art of Shibari by Master "K" - Pictures by Max Pritt - Craig Morey - Martin Pelzer - Matt Rand - Roman Kasperski - Price: 15•



Heavy into Rubber - Portfolio of Dita - Interview Steve Diet Goedde plus pictures - Art by Ray Leaning & Neil - Captured, enslaved & trained - Shooting Sex by Bob Carlos Clarke - The Elements of S&M - Photos by Christine Kessler - Alwyn R. Coates - Price: 15•



Photo Anthology of Extreme lifestyles. An Anthology of contemporary art photographers exposing aspects of S&M that go beyond the more fetish limits. Not for the faint of heart. You may be offended. Hardback with 260 pages in B/W. Collectors item. Price: 60•



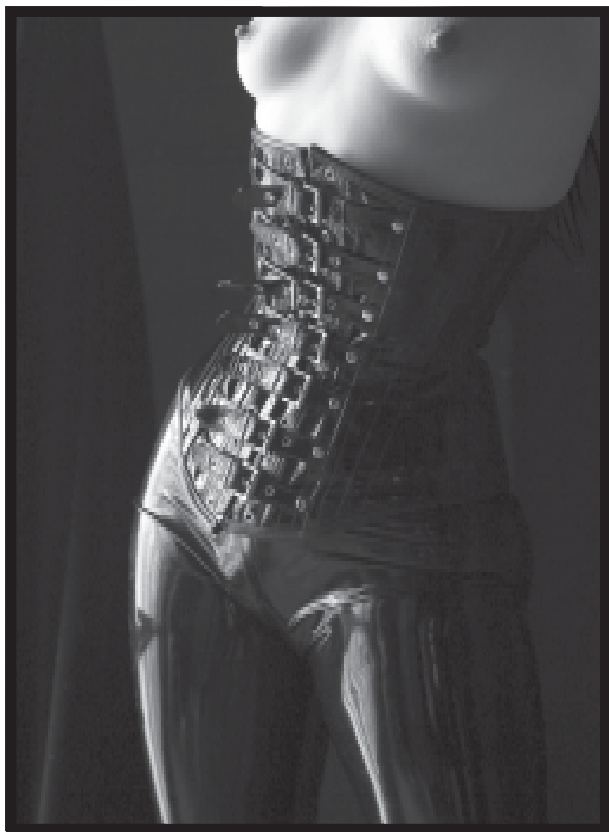
Discover the wonderful fetish world of the worlds top fetish photographers. We recovered only 60 copies from our distributors. Hardback with 260 pages in B/W. Collectors item. Price: 50•



New, groundbreaking images we couldn't publish before...until now in a hardback artbook. The entire collection of raunchy sexual perversions; urinating, B&D, shaven pussy's, extreme nippleclamps..... limited edition of only 1000 book. Price: 20•



The world new bible of Fetish Photography. It's 400 pages, has over 150 different world renowned photographers in it. Colour cover, perfect bound. A must for any lover of great fetish images. Price: 50• + (10• europe/15• others for shipping)



© Cover by Perry Gallagher - model Darenzia - March 2004
<http://www.perrygallagherphotography.com>

Secret Magazine is published by
 Glitter Sprl, Galerie du Centre, Bureau 201, Bloc 2, 1000 Brussels,
 Belgium. No mail please.

Editor/publisher/art director/scanning/research/fool/distribution/
 accountancy/ publicity/ : Jürgen Boedt.

Layout : Thin White Duke - music: Archive - Lenny Kravitz - double
 white album Beatles

Contributors to this issue: Perry Gallagher, model Darenzia, Emily
 Marilyn, Lochai, Glenn at Fetish factory, Jason at SecretRoom, Timothy
 Dolph, Sandra (Karezza), DeMask, Ilsa Strix, Christine Kessler, Kumi &
 Steve Diet Goedde, Rob-Art, Molly Devon, Ronald Putzker, Michael
 Wilce, David Wintrop, Barbara Nitke, John Chilton, Simone, Joseph
 Robert Jobe, Julie Simone, Bee-Tran, Barbie Satin, Raven Kaldera, Ed
 Mironiuk, Midori & Michael Blue, Babydoll, Tom Porta, Arne Jahn,
 Master K, Louva, Mistress Persephone, Maitresse Alexandra &
 Christophe Mourthé, Audra, Perry Gallagher, Jeffery Scott, Asakawa &
 slave Dove, Debs Tapper, Alain W. & Hugue, Javier de Pison and you,
 our readers, of course! Thank you for your support! (if I forgot
 somebody, sorry about that...)

All letters, subscriptions, advertising rates and information:

SECRET MAGAZINE
 P.O.Box 1400
 1000 Brussels 1
 Belgium

All rights reserved worldwide. Copyright Secret Magazine, unless otherwise stated.
 We are not responsible for any mistakes published in these pages. All models are
 over 21. All photographers are responsible if a model claims any money from Secret.
 All photographers have signed model releases. Secret cannot be held responsible
 for any seizure by customs or any other prosecution against a reader or retailer. All
 material sent to Secret will not be returned unless specially asked for. Actions
 described in this issue are in now way to be done without consent and Secret cannot
 be held responsible for any injuries occurred to readers while acting out these. Just
 watch yourselves and play safe..... OK?

All pictures, scripts can be returned if so asked for. We actually need contributions
 for our next issues. All photographers need to send prints or CD-rom with *.tif /
 jpeg/ eps,...files on PC compatible disks.

Overseas dealers: Centurian (USA): 1.775.322.9238 - Last Gasp (USA):
 1.415.824.6636 - Select Int. (Holland) 00.31.299.351657 - Wiwa (Germany):
 49.221.253115 - Olympus Distribution - England

Editorial

This 23 January a man died. Probably many people died
 this day, but nobody will dedicate an editorial for them,
 but I do think they are important too. This man, Helmut
 Newton, left Chateau Marmont in Los Angeles, where he
 stayed with his wife June, then crashed his brand new
 Cadillac on Sunset Boulevard after having a heart attack.

Genius and agitator, troublemaker, sentimental and
 perverse, a gentleman has left us. My inspiration. He
 combined his passion for women with photography and
 was capable of boldness no one had achieved before
 and created the "sexy-chic" of which many of our fetish
 photographers have been inspired.

He fled Nazi Germany at the age of 18 and found himself
 in Singapore. The real life of Helmut Neustädter starts in
 1946, when he became Australian, changed his name to
 Helmut Newton. But in his world of fashion he imposed
 his esthetique of the Berlin dandy; leather, sex and jet
 set. The beginning for him was hard and being colour-
 blind his love for B/W was only natural. Inspired by the
 decadent Berlin, high heels, cigarettes and stockings
 were his favorite accessories. He dared to impose a style,
 take pictures of people in strange, uncommon situations.
 He was a master in the art of manipulation. He was
 complex and imperceptible as a person.

But life goes on and even if I am sad and feel a terrible
 loss, we must go on. When this issue will be in your
 hands, the launch parties will be something to be
 remembered. I would like to thank Jason & Timothy Dolph
 for the organization in Atlanta and Glenn and Lochai for
 organizing it in Florida. The celebration of the new Fetish
 Photo Anthology volume 4 was a complete surprise to
 me, but boy was I flattered! Pictures of these two events
 will be in the next issue. This book is the new bible of
 fetish photography and has 120 different photographers
 in 400 pages. If you like SECRET Magazine, you must
 have this book.

We also started a Yahoo group where everybody can
 express his creativity, post his pictures and texts and if
 they are any good, you will see them in these pages. I
 check it almost daily and you can ask me, or anybody
 else in there, questions.

Sitting here in front of my screen I cannot help but wonder
 about how big the fetish scene has become and what
 enormous influence we are having on fashion, films, cars,
 ... It's amazing! We must be doing something good, no?

Read on, enjoy the next pages and let your minds run
 free. Have fun.....

Jürgen Boedt
 Editor

The publisher is exempt from the record-keeping requirements and disclosure statements
 mandated by 18 U.S. Code § 2257 (a) through (c) and the pertinent regulations, 28 CFR CH.1,
 part 75 since all of such material falls within the definition of exempted material set forth in § 75.7
 (a) (1-3) of the pertinent Regulations. Nonetheless, records required by such Act and pertinent
 Regulations with respect to this publication and all materials associated with such records are
 maintained by Jürgen Boedt, publisher, at the office of the Publisher: Galerie du Centre, Bloc 2,
 office 201, 1000 Brussels, Belgium, and is available for inspection and review by the Attorney
 General at all reasonable times. All models are over 21 of age. (of course...)

News & INFO

by Jürgen Boedt



Best Fetish Erotica

Edited by Cara Bruce, published by Cleis Press.

It's not very often I laugh while reading fetish erotica. Sometimes these books are too damn serious, too cold, too hard and even if I find them a turn on (hey, I'm only human..) I still consider that sex needs to be mingled with laughter...it has to be fun. No? Well, this book, Best Fetish Erotica is fun to read and not exactly a book to jerk off...the writers: Raven Kaldera, Thomas S. Roche (who wrote for Secret before), Jenesi Ash, Susie Bright among others, all have a twisted, erotic, playful mind. I liked it, so I do hope you'll get it....from: www.turnaround-uk.com or www.cleipress.com

Killed by high heels

A woman has killed her ex-boyfriend by sitting on his chest and hitting him with her high heels. This happened in New York, Brooklyn on Saturday the 2nd of August....She is claiming legal defense as her ex-partner had hit her on several occasions, with her losing two teeth. She has been brought in for involuntary homicide and possession of illegal arms: her high heels!

Whipping in IRAN

47 persons have been convicted to whipping by the authorities in the province of Khuzistan, IRAN for selling or renting indecent and illegal films and CD's. The operation controlled over 102 videoclubs by over 1000 policemen!



Perfect, safe self-bondage!

So great and yet so simple: Are you often alone, but still want to live out your bondage fantasies? You, tied tightly, perfectly bound, completely helpless? This awesome invention by MEO makes it possible to restrain yourself and place the key at an unattainable distance. How does this work ... you ask? High-Tech makes it possible. Our time lock made of extra-strong stainless steel is based on a physics principle. It is safe and dependable and won't let you escape. It is impossible for you to manipulate it. It is small and compact, a masterpiece of German engineering. You can restrain yourself and be very sure that you won't get away for at least 1 1/2 hours! Your bonds will open all by themselves, but only when our time lock allows. Enough time to surrender to your fantasies and to play with yourself, if that is even possible....

Rubber....
it's good for you !



Our time lock MEObond can be attached to any restraint with a little imagination! This allows you to do very simple or highly complex bondage. Info: 5 different time-setting possibilities! On sale at Boutique Minuit, 60 Galerie du Centre, 1000 Brussels, Belgium. Price: 150 euro

The Glamour Girls of Bill Ward

Finally an editor has dared to publish this stunning work. Edited by Alex Chun. Published by Fantagraphics. Imagine, if you will, an innocent but stunning young woman boasting the most unlikely Barbie-like proportions -and then some- poured into a wisp of lingerie or clingy cocktail dress, silky opera-length gloves, and sheer thigh-high stockings, perched precariously but not inelegantly atop a pair of dangerously high stiletto heels, and you've got the recipe for the quintessential Wardian glamour girl. Ward's girls became staples of countless men's and humor magazines where he shared the pages with cult models like Bettie Page and fellow 'good girl' artists such as Dan DeCarlo and Jack Cole. Ward became the standard bearer and justly famous through the '50s and '60s for his angular, high-sheen images of improbably busty glamour girls, a kind of low-rent Charles Dana Gibson. This volume features the best of Ward's Humorama work, including a selection of Ward's infamous telephone girls. Tame by today's

standards, Ward's telephone girls were considered provocative at the time, caught as they were in various states of dress or, more often, undress. The majority of the images in this volume were drawn between 1956 and 1963 when Ward was at the height of his skill, shot from original art and printed in full color. This book not only reproduces over a hundred beautifully rendered illustrations, but also captures a more innocent moment in American pop culture.

Hall of Judgement

Written by Madame De Morville and published by Stiletto Books. Lovers of the female supremacy will embrace the richly imagined text. They who adore the whip and boot will already have this book. The cover by Sardax alone is excellent.



Maîtresse Alexandra

A new film/dvd from the famous artist Christophe Mourthé who continues to bring us excellent dvd's and videos of the strange underworld we live in. His new work is with another famous dominatrix: Mistress Alexandra. Distributed by Colmax you should be able to find it in any good store or by the web: www.maitresse-alexandra.com - www.christophemourthe.com - www.colmax.com....more in this issue...

EROTICA 2004

Big erotique fair is being held on the 26 - 28th march in Manchester and 19-21th November in London at the Grand Hall, Olympia.

www.erotica-uk.com



KINKYCOUTURE

A new book by Goliath with the excellent pictures of famous Emma Delves-Broughton. I've been an admirator and fan of her work ever since she started and now she is rewarded with this book. It's beautifully printed and it features many of the worlds best known fetish models like Persephone, Tall Goddess & over-famous lovable Emily Marilyn. More info on: www.goliathclub.com



New Fetish fashion catalogue

We picked this up from the www.tallgoddess.com website as the new cover for the Marquis Fetish Fashion catalogue. On sale at Boutique Minuit and of course from the Marquis shop. Price: 15 euro

INGELA pictures

Something that never happened before is that I forgot to mention the photographers who were so kind to let me use the pictures with Fetish model Ingela. It was in issue 23 and I don't know what went wrong, but for the correction here are the credits:

the picture on page 44:

MARK ANTHONY LACY

all 3 pictures on page 45:

SVENIMAGE

the picture on page 46:

MARK ANTYTHONY LACY

all 3 pictures except for the upper right

one on page 47: SVENIMAGE

the upper right one on page 47:

J.D. FOX III

OWNED AND OWNER

By Anneke Jacob - My Review of the story By JG-Leathers

Having been an avid reader of science fiction all of my life, as well as, upon reaching adulthood, having read vast amounts of verbiage in the erotic fiction spectrum, I was very pleasantly surprised to discover Anneke Jacob's book, OWNED AND OWNER ... a tale that has combined the very best of both fields.

Ms Jacob takes her audience logically into a future that is believable, given that it is a science fiction story, then smoothly transitions the reader into the erotic adventures and lives of the two main characters; Garid and Etrin.

Many male authors attempt to write from the female perspective when creating erotic fiction, but few, if any, truly succeed. Of course this lack of success is due to the inherent genetic biological and gender bias that males are born with, and absorb through their skins from birth. I can attest to this failure because I've tried to do it myself, with a blatant lack of success. As a male, I just don't have the correct biological and mental equipment to manage it with any kind of believability.

However, Ms Jacob has ALL the perquisites needed, and uses no small amount of skill to create her plot and characters. She then also generates the ambience needed to bring her characters to life; making them into believable persons with understandable reactions in their cultural matrix. Ms Jacob has created a wealth of detail for her story without

it overwhelming the reader, and in the process, passes along her uniquely feminine observations and comments about all the things that make her story such a rich vein of enjoyment.

I found the story an easy one to read, without heavy doses of convoluted verbiage, or adamant philosophical views being expressed, as is the wont of some authors. The story just IS ... love it or hate it, no matter if you are male or female, a feminist, or whatever your bias and views may be. No excuses or apologies are made by the author for the story, nor are they needed. Her tale is a romp into fantasy land, and should be taken as that ... an enjoyable way to spend a couple of hours wrapped in another's erotic day dreams.

I recommend this book most highly, to ANY reader of erotic fiction, and feel I can safely assure the potential audience that the hard-earned pennies the government permits us to keep for our own entertainment will be well spent. Buy the book.

JG-Leathers - 07 October, 2003



Fetish - The Dream Scape by Michael Ninn

When you take the historically groundbreaking visual perspectives of Michael Ninn and combine them with the passion of a new director untethered by traditional "porn logic," you get something very special. You get something purely sexual, possessing both intense sensory impact and raw heat. You get what fans have come to expect in the Fetish series: you get libido-driven

fascination. Consider this debut the next generation's approach to "tripping the light fantastic" with a hard core twist. Consider that despite all the porn you may have seen, you haven't ever seen anything Michael Ninn was involved in have this kind of wild, balls to the wall, as it were, kind of sex. With an all-star cast and a director previously famous for his still images alone, the Ninn Worx team put together a new frontier for the XXX vision. We don't need to say more. www.michaelninn.com

INGELA Fetish Model

In issue 23 I printed an interview and pictures of fetish model INGELA. While transforming from my computer to the printers computer something happend and the names of the photographers did not come out right. So here they are again:
the picture on page 44 & 46: MARK ANTHONY LACY
all 3 pictures on page 45: SVENIMAGE
all 3 pictures except for the upper right one on page 47: SVENIMAGE
the upper right one on page 47: J.D. FOX III

My apologies to the photographers and Ingela. Mistakes do happen, it's only sad when it happens to you.

Secret Yahoo group

What is it? Well, it's a new group set up by Lochai where you can post messages, pictures, ask questions, participate in polls, put up links and much much more. It's also a place where I select the new portfolios published in SECRET. Every 2 to 3 months I delete all the pictures I don't like and the ones that stay can be published in SECRET, that is, if the photographer and model agrees of course! We are around 1300 members now and growing every day. I also answer questions etc...

http://groups.yahoo.com/group/secret_magazine

Join us if you like and see what's going on, participate and receive special offers to books, magazines, etc. It's just a few seconds work and it's free!

House of Harlot

They are now developing new in-house production of custom made corsets called Miss Katie



DEVIOUS Fetish Footwear

Famous shoe supplier has a new catalogue out. And what a catalogue! Entirely shot by the even more famous fetosh photographer, Justice Howard, it is a reflection of style& quality for the connoisseur of fetish footwaer. Justice Howard did an exquisite job and kept it all very sexy, classy and with great sense of balance. (what do you want with all those balletshoes...~smiles) Anywa, well done Justice & Pleaser. More info for the catalogue contact us, or Boutique Minuit who sells the catalogue and the whole shoeecollection. Exclusive for Belgium...

Fakir Musafar book - Spirit + Flesh

The book SPIRIT + FLESH originally released by Arena Editions is now available from Daedallus Publishing, 2140 Hyperion Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90027, USA. info@daedaluspublishing.com

Christophe Mourthé

The next projects of this over-famous fetish photographer is a video with Mistress Persephone, a book with all the fetish pin-ups he has had the chance to shoot and an expo here in Belgium showing his 20 year career in Paril 2004 in Knokke Heist.

Absolute Danny

They have opened a new shop in hamburg. Reeperbahn 38, 20359 Hamburg, Germany.



The Corporal Punishment of Schoolgirls

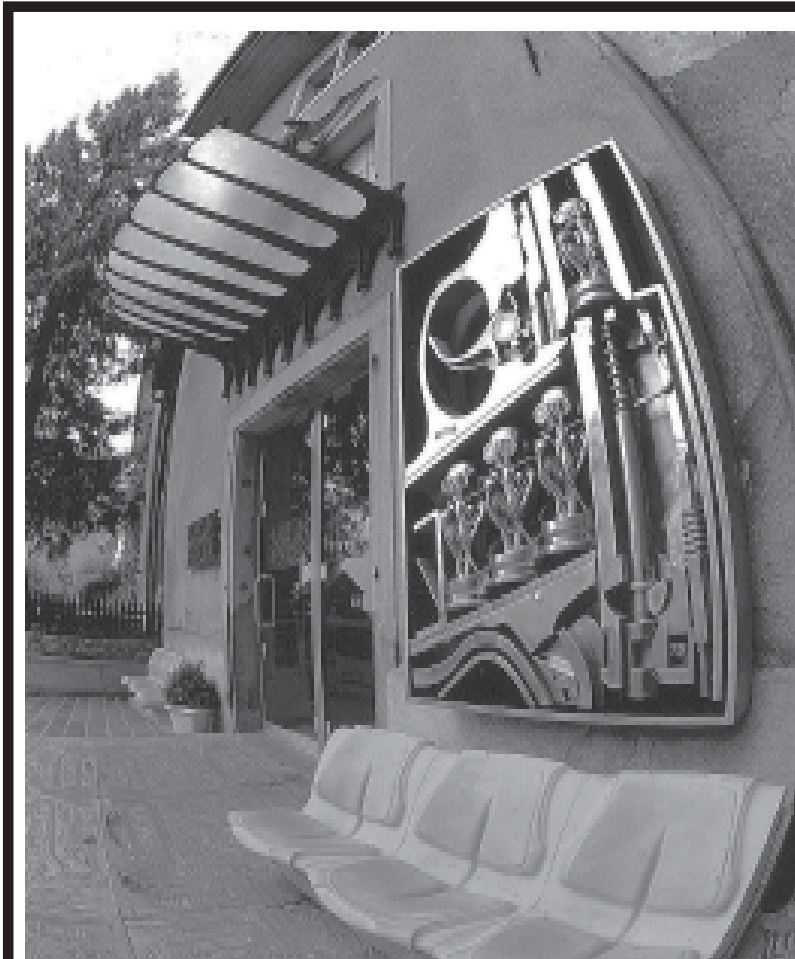
This book is not an erotic novel but a sort of history book of corporal punishment. Did you know that in 1984, a Texas private reformatory offering "Bible Discipline" spankings for wayward teenage girls was forced out of business by the State Authorities. In 1997, after an intervention by the Governor, it reopened its doors. The Governor's name?.... George W. Bush"....there are more interesting details in this nicely illustrated book.

AKS books, PO Box 39, Bexhill-on-Sea, East Sussex, TN40 1WR, England. Mention Secret...



Bruce Gray Giant High heel shoes

You have artists, you have sculptures and you have obsessed sculptures



Giger Museum

Yes, there is an Alien Room in the HR GIGER MUSEUM in Gruyeres Switzerland, but the life-size Alien creature residing there, the bane of Giger's career as a fine artist, has NOT managed to take over the place and rename it to the ALIEN MUSEUM, as it was mistakenly referred to on the last cover of SECRET, Issue #23.

Our big apology to Mr. Giger. As a major fans of his artwork, our article was meant to set the record straight, not to compound the problem of a dumb cinema monster overshadowing his reputation in the fine art world.

H.R.GIGER MUSEUM, Gruyeres, Switzerland - "Birth Machine" sculpture near the entrance to the H.R. Giger Museum in Gruyeres, Switzerland. 1999, Edition of 5, in aluminum, 200 x 140 x 25 cm.

Photo: © 2002 Louis Stalder / HRGigerMuseum.com & BaranyArtists.com.

and artists. But then again, you stumble on artists like Bruce Gray. This fetish obsessed sculpture has made a giant high heels sandal (see photo) and has more great art on his website www.brucegray.com. If you want to contact him about these sculptures, please write to: Bruce Gray, 688 South Avenue 21, Los Angeles, CA 90031, USA. Mention Secret.



Fetish Photo Anthology vol.4

I have finally finished the new bible of Fetish photography! With it's 400 pages, perfect bound, colour cover, you are bound to find something in there!!! It's my best book yet. It's also limited to only 2000 copies so you might consider to order asap. You can do this either by email, the website or by snailmail. The price of the book is 35 euro plus 10 euro shipping in Europe - 15 euro overseas.



Skin Two issue 46

Well, I was asking for it. After my deadly critics in Secret 22 on the presentation of SK2 and the horrible layout, they decided to change it again. The cover looks ok, except from some non-cool text through Zdenka's bellybutton... but the inside is...hey, I must be very carefull with what I say here... but I cannot help it... is outrageously ugly for my taste. I know my taste isn't SK2 taste and I'm very glad about that. It's up to you to decide. There is absolutly no line - no style - no class to the layout of this once "Oh so wonderful!" magazine. The information you are getting is, thanks for that!, still interesting and some pictures, like Christophe Mourthé and the beautifull Emily Marilyn, Masuimi Max for Inner Sanctum do save something, but the overall impression is one of complete chaos. The pictures of the shows are flou, Tony Mitchell try's to write interesting things about things nobody is interested in and Michael Fearnley has surpassed himself in his bad taste of colour, trying out his collage style of articles who makes your head spin, instead of giving you the right information. I have to admit it, I'm disapointed but I'm also very glad they are still going strong, because otherwise we wouldn't have the Rubber Ball. (almost completely organized by the TG people). Once SK2 was a leading fetish publication, now it's just a vague tasteless "trying-to-be-cool" magazine. How long will this last? Hopefully Tim will let somebody else do the layout for the next Skin Two Directory! Hey guys, I will completely understand if you are not mentioning my magazine, books

and publications...you never do... I wish you guys all the best for the futur...you'll need it.

NYC Fetish marathon

This will be held on the 19th - 23 May 2004. Black & Bleu Ball, TES's 3 days & nights of BDSM education, dungeon parties and much more. www.FetishMarathon.com

Best Fetish Erotica

Published by Cleis Press

Every now and then I sit down, take one of the new books I received and start reading... just like that. I open a page and if I like it, I continue...and I almost read this book in one go, so good it was, such a good time I had. No wonder I asked Cara Bruce if I could pull out one piece I liked particulary "The Machine" written by Raven Kaldera. But all the other stories are great and I can recommend you this book. Distributed by Turnaround, England More info at info@turnaround-uk.com or directly from Cleis Press, P.O.Box 14684, SF, CA 94114, USA

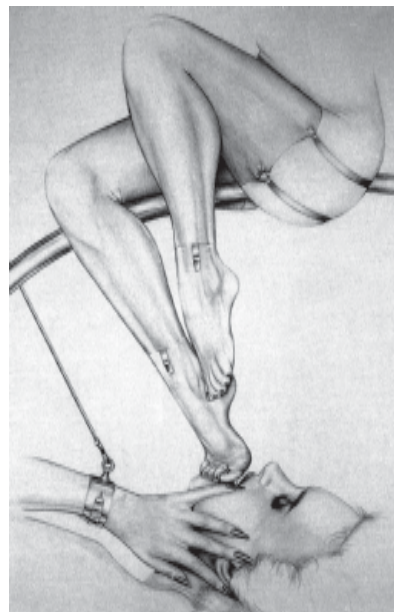
Fetish Ball in SF

Next SF Fetish Ball will be held on the 18 - 20th March 2004. More info on www.sffetishball.com



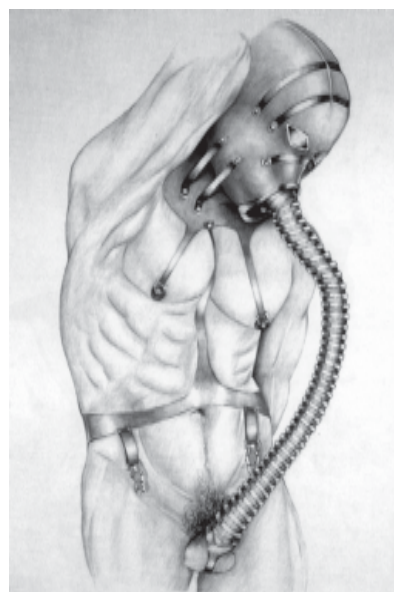
Devious by Pleaser

Great new catalogue for shoes with pictures by over-famous fetish cult photographer Justice Howard. Available from good fetish shops, like Boutique Minuit in Brussels...(yeah, ok, it's my store, so I can do some promotion, can't I??~smiles)



The Fine Fetish Art of Steel

We were able to obtain some of these books from the artist STEEL who is specialized in girls with high heels & stockings, footsucking, rubber bondage pin-up style girls, cunt & assplay and much more. It's very hard to describe the book as his style has changed so much over the years, but we scanned some so you can see his talent. You can order the book directly from us, for only 15 euro/us\$.





High heel chairs

When I walked to Christophe Mourthé's studio for the shooting with Emily Marilyn, I saw all these chairs standing in line in the corridor. I took my Nikon and blitz, there you've got it. I love these high heel chairs in leopard, leather, well in any material you want actually. The bondage chair that was used for the cover of the new Fetish Photo Anthology vol. 4 and was made especially for a bondage players club. All people who are interested, as these are for sale at around 1500 eur send an email to : Eliana359@aol.com - mention Secret!

Nuit de Chine

If you are looking for good artbooks, fetish or erotic related, at a good price, DVD's and video's (porn & fetish related) then you need to check out this little, but Oh so interesting, library. The owner, Hugue, knows his store upside down and can help you with anything you are looking for. I bought him so very early Bill Ward, Stanton, dating from 1972 in excellent condition....mention Secret when you go, ok?

Nuit de Chine, Place Fontenas 24, 1000 Brussels, Belgium. Mobile: 0497.42.55.87

Do you have a fantasy?
Write it down and send it to us
and get published!

editor@secretmag.com



Cory Thompson is dead

Cory Thompson & Jim Weathers started the legendary bondage website Shortfuse Video. They split up because Corey had a "problem". Jim Weathers started Bondage Café and Cory got in jail. When released he started a new website but was picked up again but now for completely different charges. He was charged with sending a weapon of mass destruction through the mail. In jail Corey supposedly killed himself.... He will be remembered for his excellent bondage and vision and friendship.....



Bondage & Fetish

Well, he states it in his editorial: the internet, a mine of gold without end! So, with the french SM magazine Démonia that has lost all its interest

ever since Kyle Reese is gone, the market was open for a good fetish & SM magazine. They did a great job, but most of the pictures are just picked from the internet, with a loss of quality in the pictures, but I must say, I liked it. Picking pictures from the internet is easy, but picking the good ones, that's the trick! But the layout is good, it's well written and the pictures are excellent and very, very bondage! Also, they know what they are talking about! Jim Weathers, Julie Simone, Tomiko, Jasmine Sinclair, Jewell Marceau...I have to admit it, I prefer paper to the screen. Small real personal ads round up this excellent new magazine.

www.fetishinfo.com or by normal mail
BDP - P.O.Box 934, 75829 Paris Cedex 17, France.



Fetish Highlights

by Andreas Jahn

The Liberotica team is fastly becoming a good publisher of fetish related books & comix. With Pink Diaries and this excellent Fetish Highlights. It could easily be a book that Secret had published, even the typo of the cover is the same as our Fetish & Fantasmagique. Hardcover, perfect bound with very good B/W aesthetic pictures. Never vulgar with lot's of nice ladies photographed in outdoor settings it shows a very large work of Andreas Jahn's art. Great book. www.liberotica.net



Maîtresse Alexandra

by Christophe Mourthé

Small size pocket book with excellent pictures by Christophe Mourthé of the secret lifestyle of famous French Mistress Alexandra. Available from Secret for 10 euro.



Fetish Photo Anthology 4 launch party's in Atlanta & Florida!

You cannot imagine how amazed I was when Tim Dolph & Jason proposed me to organize a "fetish launch party" for the new book! Then Glenn & Lochai asked me the same for Florida! I was going like; Hey, what's going on? When you'll read this, they will be past time, but while I'm writing this, they are setting up some very cool stuff and I will report on it in the next issue. Here

are the flyers they did for these party's. For more info on their next party's: www.secretroom.net www.FetishFactory.com



Scandal

by Christophe Mourthé

He keeps amazing me. How does he do it? Here we have a compilation CD (dance music) but in the size of a small booklet you get almost a small book of some of his best fetish photography. It's beautiful! Interested? www.fglmusic.com

Winky & Dutch

One of my most special catalogues I received recently was the one from Winky & Dutch. A pair of cufflinks with a Betty Page image holding a whip packed in a small metal box just got me all weak in the knees! Pill boxes, dog collars, lightswitches with Pin-up styles. One could call it kitch, another would call it style. I ordered myself a pair of handcuff cufflinks. What do you want? They were only 8 us\$! Get your

catalogue from:

Winky & Dutch, 44 West 24th Street, NY, NY 10010, USA
www.WinkyDutch.com
Mention Secret!

Bondcon - Europe

I was informed by Lew Rubens that there will be a BONDCON in Europe. It's a strange German company I don't know anything of, but it will be held at the following place:
Kleine Olympiahalle, Olympiapark, Spiridon Louis Ring 21, 80809 München, Germany. For more info: www.bondcon.com



Taboo

I must admit it, even if I hate all the advertising in this magazine, it is the sexiest fetish magazine on the market. Ernest Greene has successfully created a formula of a sweet mix of sex, rubber, bondage and dildo's. Fetish isn't always about sex, but what we see in some of the images do haunt our fantasies and minds. I create a more arty fetish magazine but some of us, all dressed up rubber think about one thing; great sex, lot's of lube, caresses and much more sweet stuff. I once spouted some critics on this magazine but love it now. Shame about all those advertising pages. Burks! Hey Ernest, can you fix me up for a free subscription? I'm getting my copies from my local sexshop, but it's such a hassle! Thank you !!!





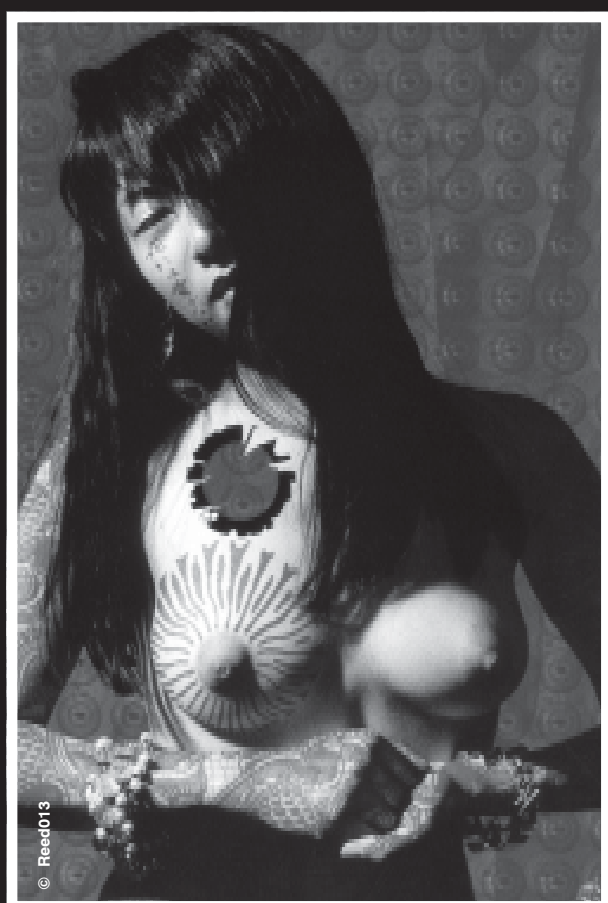
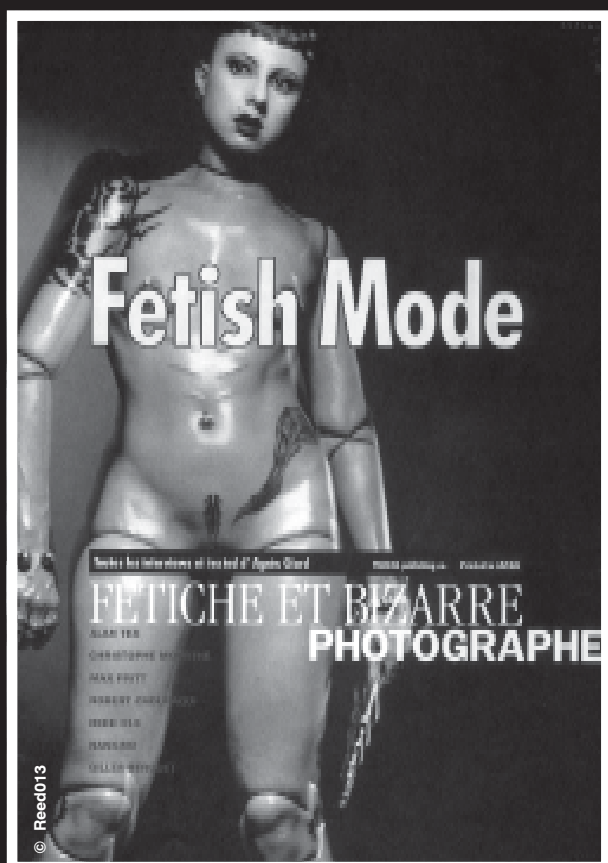
Stefanie - *gummislave*

Dominatrix Sandra has applied for a new slave. Stefanie has the nerve to knock on the door and is asking to have the place. Mistress Sandra has her put immediatly in position and shaves of her hair, pussy & head. The exotic rubber outfits, the various setting and the highly coloured, saturated look of the film makes this a real turn-on. What strikes me most of all is that these girls are actually having fun, not like in some other productions I have seen lately. Sandra is, as usual, very sexy, very rubberish and very yummy... so we decided to sell the DVD, because it's good. Order it from us online or by normal mail. You can also come over to the fetish store Miniut and choose from our vast fetish DVD and video collection. We are also planning an elaborate interview with Miss Sandra in the next issue!

WWW.SecretMag.com

By mail: Secret Magazine - P.O.Box 1400 - 1000 Brussels 1 - Belgium

Fetish store: Boutique Minuit, 60 Galerie du Centre - 1000 Brussels, Belgium - Price: 78 euro





FETISH MODE BOOK

Published by Wailea Publishing C°.

Interviews & text by Agnès Giard.

Excellent book with pictures from Alan Tex (B), Christophe Mourthé(F), Max Pritt (B), Robert Chourauqui (F), Reed 013 (F), Ninkino & Gilles Berquet(F). All of these photographers have different styles and that makes the book even more interesting. The layout is good, the information and interviews intelligent and the printing is more than excellent. The only negative I can say about this book is the binding and that the transformation from probably Mac. text to the Japanese printing text was not revised and that signs and exclamations have been transformed into something very weird, which makes it sometimes impossible to read the interviews that are in French and Japanese. A thorough re-read of the book before it was printed should have been possible to avoid this. Shame. As no address is printed inside I can only give you the website.

<http://www.wailea-pub.co.jp/sniper> - and even on that website you can't find anything...I got my copy, but I wonder how you will find yours?

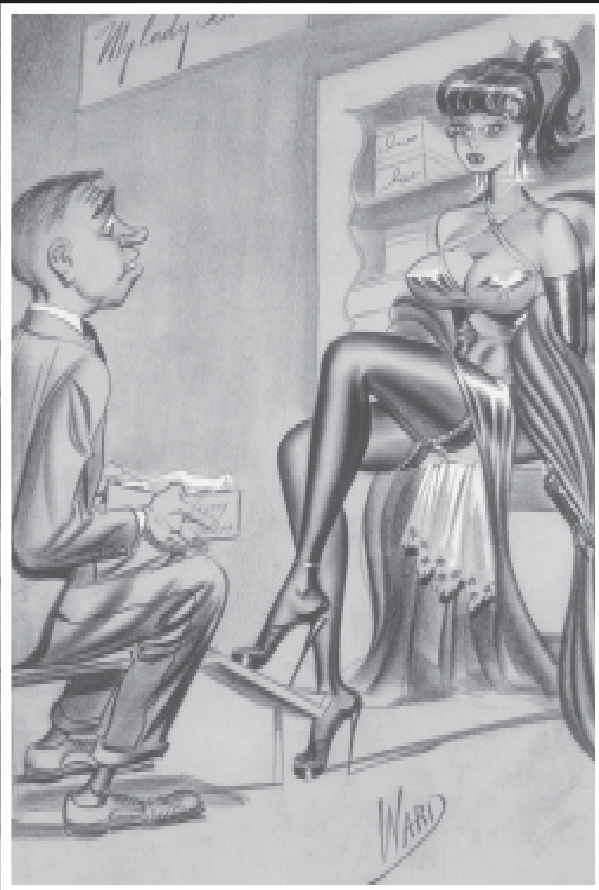
ISBN 4 - 8130 - 0764 - 3 Price 2200 yen

The Glamour Girls of Bill Ward

The majority of images in this book were originally published between 1956 & 1963 where Bill Ward displayed his stunning style of Conté crayon. He could, like nobody else, get that sheen on black-high stockings and rubber like dresses. His see through baby dolls, busty femmes fatales women are still, in my humble opinion, some of the best ever drawn! I can only recommend you this book.



www.fantagraphics.com



"What makes you so sure you have the wrong number?"



Mistress Collection

World specialist of rubberwear DeMask have done it again. After their excellent Rubber collection, here is the

Mistress collection, a new rubberwear catalogue with the world notorious Mistresses like Persephone, Midori, Donatella, Alexandra, ...



DeMask



© Trevor Watson - DeMask

Mistress Collection

I was playing around with the same idea for a couple of months now, but they beat me to it! Doing a book with top fetish photographers, but the models were to be the top Mistresses in the world. The DeMask team took only one top fetish photographer, Trevor Watson, and sent him out to go and shoot the world most delicious Mistresses. Life can be a bitch!~grin..

The result is of course excellent!

Order your copy from Secret Magazine, see backside orderform!

or

Come to Boutique Minuit, try out some great rubber gear and buy it there!

or

go to: www.DeMask.com



© Trevor Watson - DeMask

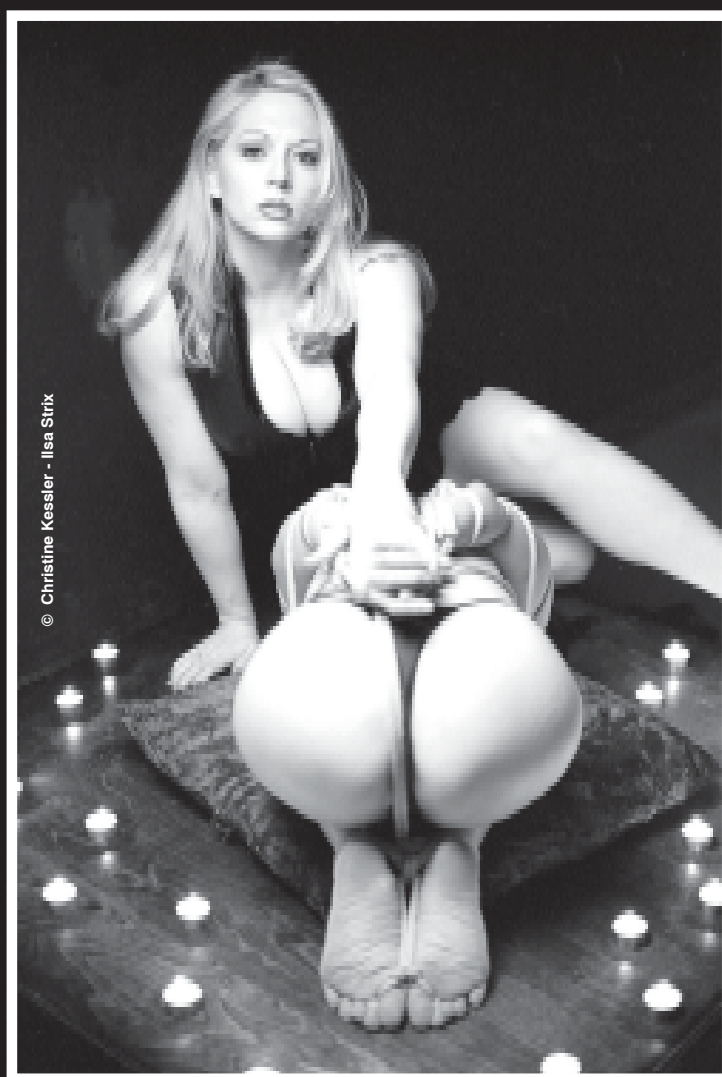
MARK YOUR PROPERTY

BY ILSA STRIX



Sometimes we mark our property so it won't get lost, other times it is just for the sheer joy of knowing we own it.

Reducing a slave to property can be a delightful activity, especially when the slave must wear that label 24/7 for an extended period of time. Take slave b whose derriere, now a month later, still wears the semi-permanent tattoo of ownership; MY ownership. He has walked about for 28 days with four dark red letters burning brightly from his flesh; ILSA. He can neither sit down or expose his bottom to anyone without being reminded of his



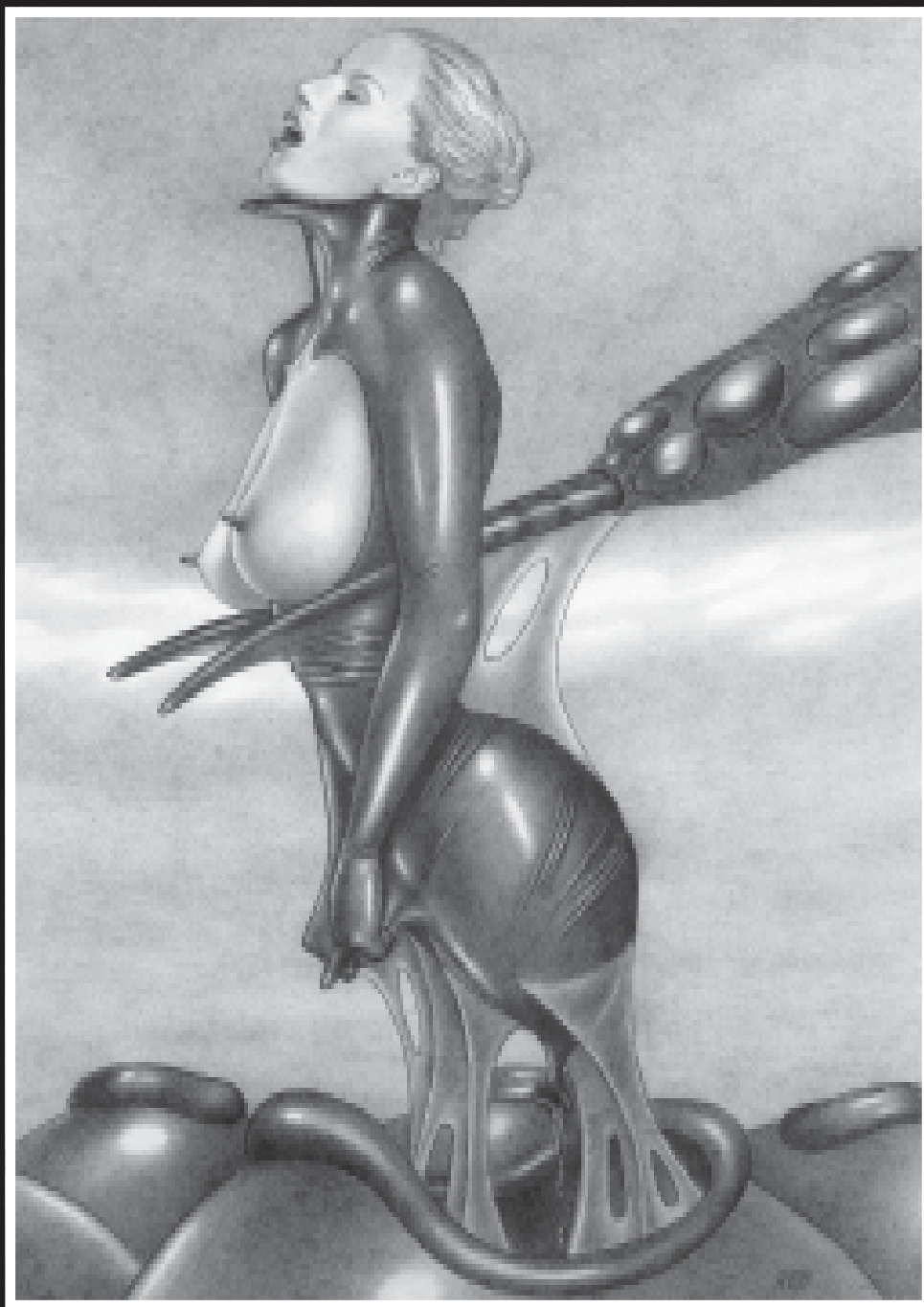
place in this world. Preparing a slave to wear a mark of ownership takes time, sometimes years, for the trust to be built. I do not initial a slave I do not know fully. I would not expect a slave to wear my mark until they truly knew they were owned, body and soul.

It has taken me many years to know when it is appropriate to mark someone and it is not something I take lightly, even when the slave, the object that is owned, will only wear it for a week. Slave b has been trained for several years, has undergone many tests and it is an anniversary, and I know that if I honor him with my mark he understand and celebrate the true significance of it. I bind him tightly to the long stretching rack and then work his bottom, reddening it with paddles and canes to tenderize the skin but not mark it... yet.

The marks occur with a rubber band, stretched tightly between my thumb and forefinger, then held against his warmed and trembling flesh and then snapped with as much velocity as possible. The result is a clearly defined thin deep red mark which will last for several weeks. Slowly and painfully I write my name, line by line, letter by letter. The slave pushes into the table, wriggles in his bonds and sighs and groans audibly. I decide to extenuate these marks by utilizing suction and then scraping. I use an acupressure technique with my cupping set whereby I drag the engaged cup across the flesh in the direction of the lines, pulling the blood under the surface to bring up the char. Then I bring out several different types of sandpaper and grate the flesh, carefully following the lines so that the abrasions glow brightly. I finish with one more round of rubber bands to really make sure the marks are solid. Now that the outer layers of epidermis have been removed the marking goes deeper.

Finally, and "for his own good", I decide to give the moaning slave one final layer of sensation. I spray alcohol onto his bottom and smile as his screams of agony begin. "It is important to make sure that you are perfectly clean" I tell him, knowing that the results of this day will be imprinted on much more than his bottom.

ROB-ART

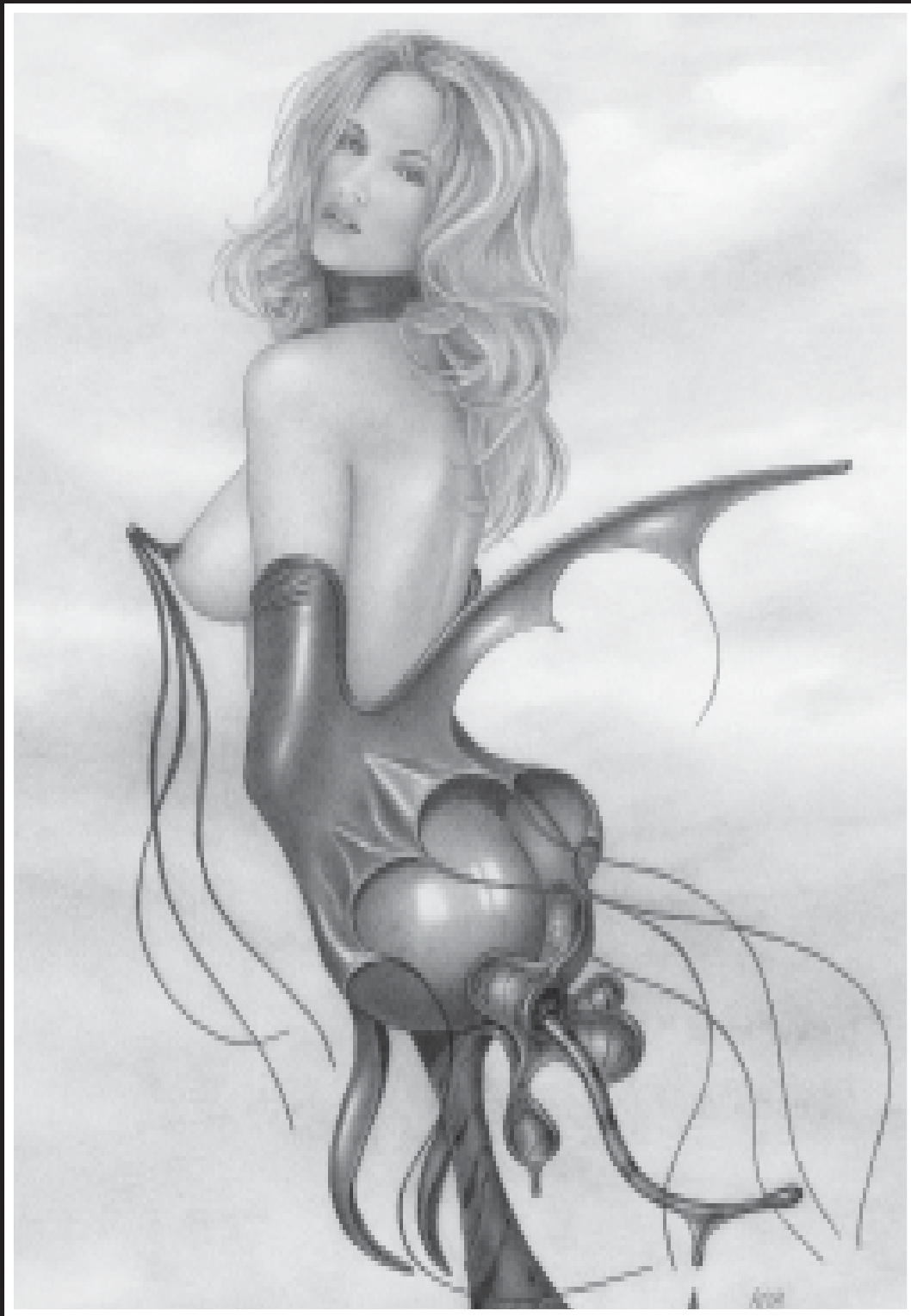


<http://www.fetishdreams.com>





ROB-ART



<http://www.fetishdreams.com>

Bound, naked and helpless...

By Philip Miller & Molly Devon

Sadomasochists come from every social, economic and racial background imaginable. No set of experiences typifies their childhood or the sexual values with which they were raised. They represent the full political wingspan, with convictions aligning with every feather from left to right. They are heterosexual, homosexual, and bisexual. They are outspoken and quiet, playful and dry, thoughtful and reckless, adventurous and shy, regal and common. No one has ever found a common denominator among them save for this certain ember glowing amid the folds of imagination.

Some can put a name and a place to the genesis of that spark. A picture, a dream, a scene in a movie, a story, a chance gesture made by a lover, or an intimate conversation overheard on the street that struck the flint and tinder of fantasy and, fostered by the wind of pleasure, grew from fantasy to sexual identity. Others cannot identify that first little fire; for these, it is as though the coals had been ignited at birth, perhaps even at conception.

We frequently keep our fantasies bottled-up within us because sharing them can be scary as hell, even with one as close as a spouse. In exposing these intimate slices of our identity we risk judgement, ridicule, and rejection. Ideally we find partners who care enough to meet our confessions with acceptance, understanding, and even (dare we hope?) inspiration. For in the practice of sadomasochism, clear and free communication is a prerequisite. Without it, one treads on dangerous ground. With it, the possibilities are limitless.

In SM we learn to reveal our fantasies openly, with the understanding that self-righteousness and condescension have no place in our discussions. We gently and gratefully accept our mate's fantasies as gifts, realising the courage, and often pain, involved in disclosing such intimate details of one's self. We look for a common ground between our two sets of fantasies, acknowledge the differences, and make decisions about those which we will pursue through the process we call negotiation. Then, we take that final,

bold step with our lovers. We summon our skills, trust, and knowledge to bring those deep, dark, dream demons to life, discovering that reality can eclipse imagination.

NASA may have its troubles, but in the SM community, the space program is alive and well. Everyday, from bedrooms and dungeons all over the world, people are being launched far beyond the gravitational pull of earth, possibly into other dimensions.

To illustrate our point, we have installed microphones and a one-way mirror in the bedroom of this modern couple.

(Voyeurs may take the seats in the first row, but please try not to steam up the mirror. Ladies fear not, the seats are moisture resistant.)

'I don't want any pain,' Terry reminded him.

'Ah, the mating call of every new submissive.' Mark thought to himself, he couldn't suppress a smile. Still, he didn't want her to feel she was being made fun of and covered his amusement with a gentle kiss. 'I always go very slowly,' he said softly.



Ever since her first adolescent sexual stirrings, Terry yearned to be bound, naked and helpless and ravaged by a lover, but her reveries frightened her. They were just too wild and embarrassing to tell anyone about, lest she be judged unstable. Yet, her fantasies were compelling and satisfying. She gave into them night after night in the solitude of her bedroom, conjuring scenes of torture and rapture

while indulging her hungry body in solitude beneath the sheets. And she never told anyone.

As a young woman, Terry was drawn to worldly, self-confident men who assumed the lead in her relationships. Consciously or unconsciously she sought another quality in the men she bedded; they were all a little bit scary. Love and caring were too frequently mingled with turbulence and abuse. The men were bad to her and her self-esteem plummeted.

It wasn't until she discovered people openly involved in sadomasochism that she began to understand her own

passion. These people tempered their indulgences with respect. Submissives and dominants were interdependent parts of a whole, a partnership in exploring sexuality. Submissives were revered, not objects of scorn.

Among these people, Terry met Mark. She was immediately drawn to him Mark's attraction to her was not only obvious, he startled her by telling her exactly what anatomical and personal traits he found so alluring. She'd never met someone so unabashedly forward! Yet, somehow, the charm, wit, and ease with which he made his observations disarmed her. He was not at all pushy and honesty rang clearly from his every pronouncement. Still, he seemed to enjoy hovering a hair's breath away from a slap to the face.

As they spoke, Terry found herself unable to conceal anything from this extraordinary man. In their first afternoon together she had revealed secrets that she rarely admitted to herself. With every confession, she felt a growing trust and affection for Mark. He accepted each as a treasure, never taking her tightly, probing gently for the pieces that lay deeper than others. He was just as open about himself and his sexuality, encouraging Terry to explore whatever caught her interest.

In only a few days, Terry knew Mark better than she had known any man before. She knew, also, that she wanted him. Terry found Mark to be a wealth of information about the dark arts she had dreamed of since childhood. They laughed while trading sexual fantasies and admitting the techniques of SM that appealed to each and those that didn't. This handsome man made seduction such delicious fun! Now she prayed that her attraction had not clouded her judgement. Because tonight, he would plunge her into her most secret and terrifying cravings.

"But, going slowly isn't enough" Mark continued, 'you need a safe-word. If what I'm doing is too much, if you become too frightened, or if for any other reason you want me to stop, just say your full name. I will stop everything immediately,' he paused watching Terry absorb the idea, "I don't want you to feel the slightest bit self-conscious or embarrassed about using your safe-word. It is a normal part of the game and I won't mind at all if you want to take a break for a while or even stop altogether. It is very important that you understand this.'

Terry nodded. His lecture was oddly reassuring and intimidating at the same time. She stretched out on the bed trying to appear relaxed, though she was as nervous as a cat. She couldn't seem to find a comfortable position for her arms.' Mark let her struggle for a while, enjoying her little ordeal. Finally he relented, cuddling next to her. "Just relax," he said and placed her hands at her sides, "it is going to be fine and wonderful"

His fingers chased a serpentine path below her ear along the corded muscles in her throat and up over her rising breast to its brown peak, barely brushing it. Terry closed her eyes and sighed quietly. Mark rose on an elbow to view her length. A sun-tanned, satin landscape of mild-sloped hillocks, rolling one into the next, accented sparsely with fine, sun-blonded down. He took in every detail of her torso, crooning approval in a low, rumbling voice. His hands skimmed across her body softly and skilfully, exploring each knoll and hollow, probing, spiral-like the well of the navel, climbing the furry rise below, drifting down into the crevice to tickle the folds there.

Gentle eroticism wasn't at all what Terry had expected. Then, she really hadn't known what to expect. She came to Mark's apartment in spite of, or perhaps because of his reputed sexual tastes. When he confirmed the gossip, she had been fascinated. His manner was informal yet commanding. She felt inescapably drawn to his subtle, but firm way of taking charge. This clever, funny, and sensitive man did not fit her image of a self-admitted sadist at all.

A thousand nerve-endings answered Mark's probing fingers. It seemed to Terry that a feverish tide rose in her, following the path of Mark's hands. She shivered and her hips began to twitch beneath his fingertips.

He whispered, 'Spread your legs for me, Terry,' and she complied. 'Now, close your eyes and hold very still... don't make a sound.'

Terry became absolutely motionless and quiet. Mark counted off a full minute before moving at all, letting the silence engulf them. Very slowly, from top to bottom, in one endless gesture, Mark's fingers slid tightly over the length of Terry's sex. He began to massage the skin below her slit with one fingertip. The muscles there twitched and churned at his touch. He ordered her to spread her legs wider. Mark's fingers danced up and down the length of her labia, along the outside of the outer lips, smoothly with a fingertip, then scratching with a fingernail. Slowly, tickling every nerve, his fingers worked toward the centers of her lips, crawling ever so slowly over their crest before slipping quickly into the moist inner folds.

There, in the hot, wet center of her, among Terry's stick, sensitive folds of flesh Mark fingered swiftly, searching out the most responsive points, letting Terry's breathing and involuntary contractions guide his way. There, on the left side of her hooded bud, she gasped as his fingertip found a good spot. That finger stayed there, flicking up and down, up and down, in a steady rhythm that made her flesh seem to writhe. With the fingers of his other hand, Mark explored the lower regions, parting her delicate inner lips, caressing the silken folds, lingering, here and there, to trace tiny circles on the slippery surface. Finally, his



fingers found the mouth of her opening and skimmed its circumference, teasing the outer ring without entering. His finger travelled round and round, sometimes softly, sometimes swiftly, often ever so slowly, and always the fingertip above flicked the hooded treasure at the top of her sex.

It seemed terribly important to obey him but Terry was losing the battle to remain still and silent. She let out a little gasp and her hips moved, she'd swear later, of their own accord.

Mark was pleased. Terry's submissiveness was evident in her effort to obey. He strained with craving to take her then and there. Clearly, she was desperate for it. Yet, her responses were so powerful he knew she could go much further and his pleasure in controlling her was intoxicating. He knew he could press Terry further into submission. As she dove ever deeper, he rose ever higher, riding a tide of god-like omnipotence, revelling in the power coursing through him. His mind seemed to expand, able to absorb the tiniest details with a crystalline precision. For Mark, this was the essence of SM. Uninformed and inexperienced minds had dubbed these sexual traditions sadism and masochism but giving and receiving pain are only the facade. SM is a mystical union, enrapturing the dominant in a rush of power and dissolving the will of the submissive, granting her, in its place, the freedom to experience pure sensation. SM is sexual magic.

"You seem to be having some difficulty remaining still. Shall I bind you to make it easier?"

Terry's nod and pleading eyes answered for her. In her condition, she would have agreed to anything.

"Tell me your safe-word."

Terry Catherine MacLean.' Simply uttering her name was a tremendous effort. The words sounded thick and heavy. Mark rolled Terry onto her stomach and drew her to her knees, raising her ass, exposing her sex. He spread her feet far apart and tied her ankles to the corners of the bed. Her arms were drawn back beside her legs and tied by the wrists to the same bed-corners.

"Such a lovely body, such a pretty ass," Mark cooed over her and fondled her as he bound her, "and so deliciously wet!"

He slipped a blindfold over her eyes and kissed her. She was grateful for it; she couldn't bear to meet his eyes. Mark had reduced her to an object, naked and roped, like an animal, pinned down and positioned for fucking and there was nothing she could do about it, no way of escape. Wonderful!!

Terry felt utterly vulnerable, embarrassed and flustered, yet happy, secure, and cherished. She did not notice the incongruity, all her feelings fused, saturating and warming

her. Her mind was shutting down. Thoughts came slowly, as though through a gelatinous pool. It felt so good just to let them float away, to focus only on Mark.

Mark positioned himself behind her kneeling between her tethered legs. He continued to tease and caress. He leaned over her back to squeeze her breasts. Slipping on the condom he let the tip of him bob between her thighs, slapping the wetness there. Terry's hips bucked with urgency. She wanted him in her, she needed to be filled. Now! Instead, he slapped her ass.

Though not very hard, it was unexpected. A shock. There was a momentary sting, then a strange heat spread through her. Terry's hips jerked desperately and Mark matched her rhythm with stinging slaps. She was moaning on the verge of orgasm when he entered her roughly, but he halted his attack just in time to deny her that final free-fall. He spanked harder as he moved within her, yet there was no pain, only that delicious heat through her belly.

Terry's moans turned to whimpers. Mark steadied his pace. White-hot pressure swelled within every crevice of her body and she erupted in a pounding series of orgasms. She felt a push that seemed to come from within, driving her mind out of her body. She was beyond reason and beyond awareness of her surroundings, floating, flying free. She felt Mark's soul surrounding her like a shroud, protecting and controlling;

freeing her to bathe in the sensations of her body.

Terry came to very slowly. She had been untied without realising it. Mark was holding her. His face, a sculpture of tenderness, was the first thing she saw when at last she could open her eyes. She'd never felt so warm so well loved. Mark's lips curled to a smug grin. Terry chuckled at his gloating, but he had earned it, oh yes, had he ever. She buried her in his chest.



All pictures © by Ronald Putzker

This small story will inform you far better than a whole essay could do on how good this book actually is. "Screw the roses, send me the thorns" is my new bible... I read from it almost every day, whenever I have some time....

Get your copy from whatever internet bookseller or directly from Mystic Rose Books, P.O.Box 1036/SMS, Fairfield, CT 06432, USA – www.mysticrose.com – price: 24.95 us\$ - maybe mention Secret?

Michael Wilce





Michael Wilce



Serve them tea dressed as a maid

I am writing to expose my humiliation in print. My wife and I had always enjoyed S&M role play but I now know the true honour of submission to a dominant bitch. As a couple we had experimented in rubber, leather, bondage taking turns as the disciplinarian and the slave, this was just toying with sadomasochism but all that has changed. It started on a Friday night, a night we were due to visit a fetish club. I entered the house and was met by the gorgeous sight of my wife dressed in a skin tight rubber catsuit which had an open zip which ran from the top of her clit to the small of her back, she also had on patent spiked boots, her blonde hair was tied in a top knot. I looked forward to a night of kinky fucking.



© David Wintrop

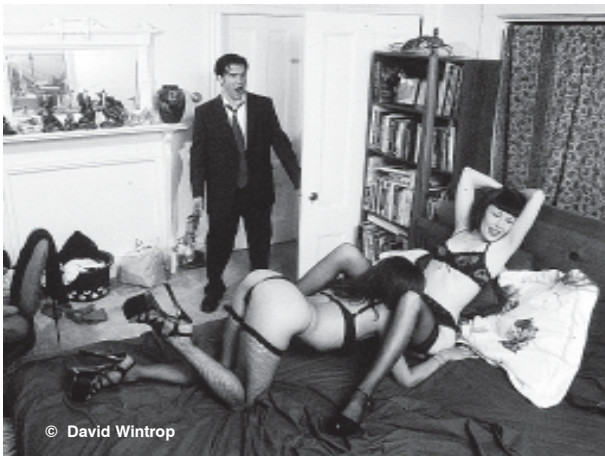
She ordered me upstairs to polish her rubber to a high shine. In the bedroom the bed was prepared with PVC sheets and handcuffs attached to the bed head. I quickly stripped freeing my 9" erection. She handed me the polish and pair of her knickers and told me to start. She stood, legs apart, pussy exposed as I polished her magnificent body, breathing in and feeling her firm breasts, anticipating her hot cunt, putting my face against her pert arse thinking how lucky I was to have such a willing horny bitch as a partner. When I had finished I stood back to admire her whole body, my cock was ready for bursting. She indicated the bed and I lay down on the cold PVC as she took my hands above my head and put them in the cuffs. My cock stood ramrod up as she spread my legs and

climbed between them and moved her head towards my cock, her tongue flicked my cock teasing it as her hands massaged my balls. I wanted her to take it all in her mouth but she just ran her lips around my helmet, I felt my cum rising when she squeezed my cock at its base and I felt the spunk stop. The bitch was taking me long and slow. I was surprised when she pulled back and walked out of the room coming back with a copy of **SECRET** which I had hidden. She held it up and said she had found it and enjoyed reading it and it had given her plenty of ideas.

She strode across the room bent over her dressing table giving me a fine view of both her holes, then she returned with a small leather device, she giggled as she fitted it around the base of my enraged cock and then my straining balls she then tightened it until I was in agony. She stood back and surveyed her work and said that this would delay ejaculation until she was ready and now we would fuck. She went back to the dressing table and came back with a vibrator, climbed on my stomach pressing her wet lips against my stomach, she was facing away from me, she leant forward lifting her arse off me and started to finger her cunt opening it up with two fingers and then pushing the vibrator half way up. She then lowered herself on to my stomach, pushing the thing up her. She spread her arse cheeks and fingered her bum hole, she rode on me her other hand round my cock, then she looked over her shoulder coquettishly and asked me how desperate I was to fuck her. Would I do anything? Would I follow her every demand? I begged and begged as she giggled at my plight.

She went over to her wardrobe and brought out a PVC maid's outfit. Tonight, if I wanted relief, I had to wear it. I didn't like the idea but my balls were aching and I was thinking with my cock. I nodded that I would wear it. A leather corset was put around me pulling my waist in. I was then released from my chains and put on the ridiculous outfit the tight PVC sticking to my now sweaty body. The skirt stuck up because of my hard on. "That won't do bellowed my mistress and she passed a strap through my cock ring and tied it around my thigh. A pair of six inch stilettos and fishnet stockings completed the outfit. She squeezed my balls and said I was looking good but my head was a mess. I sat in front of the dressing table and she fussed over me putting on make-up, false eyelashes and red lipstick, my hair was scraped back and a ponytail wig was attached to the back of my head then she kissed my red lips, her tongue entered my mouth.

"You look great" she said "I want to fuck my little trannie in the middle of the nightclub dance floor". I realised she had stopped being such a bitch as she led me downstairs and into the garage. She looked me up and down and said that I couldn't go in the front of the car looking like such a tart, I would have to travel in the boot. I willingly climbed into the back of the car in my uncomfortable outfit. She looked down on me "This is going to be a great night"



© David Wintrop

she said as she slammed the lid shut. In the dark I undid the cock ring strap to release my straining member but found the other restraint had a small lock on it. I found comfort rubbing my cock as she drove the car. When the car came to a halt I heard that bitch get out, lock the car and walk away. I pushed against the back of the rear seat but it wouldn't move, I was trapped! Some hours later I was jolted, awoke by the sound of the car opening and heard my wife talking "I always wanted to be fucked on these leather seats by two men". A male voice said "Shut up slut now spread your legs". The car rocked as my wife was fucked. "Swap ends" a voice said. More pumping followed. I was silent in my prison listening to my wife shouting in ecstasy, screaming that she had a wimp at home who couldn't satisfy her. The movement stopped, now my wife was asking for money, thanks were exchanged. The men left the car and my wife whispered to me "Did you hear that? It was fantastic, a wild fuck by real men" and she was even paid for it.

I was released from my tomb when the car was back in the garage. She put a cord through my cockring and led me by my helmet upstairs and chained me to the bed. She looked at me, stroking my painful cock and asked if I still wanted to fuck. I nodded, she giggled and said she would need lubricating to take such a swollen cock which by now was purple and tender. A hand caught me slapping me on the side of the face, she turned so her cunt was above my head and took a riding crop from the bedside table and began to whip my legs moving up with each stroke as I looked at her pussy. The whip caressed my balls, she laughed and said "ball whipping or licking", it was my choice. If I licked I would get to spurt, if not my balls would be crushed with strokes of the crop. I lifted my head and stuck my tongue into her body. She said "Good boy" and squatted down on me riding my face until she let go drenching me in her juices which I swallowed. Getting up off me she stamped a stiletto heel in my stomach making me curl up in pain.

I was now twisted round so my face was pressed into the PVC sheets and my arse was pushed into the air. At last she touched my bound cock rubbing oil over my shaft and balls and up my arse crack. "Are you ready to be fucked?" she said moving away from the bed. She went out of sight returning into view in profile so that the strap on dildo was clear to see. "You disobeyed me when I had to force you to lick me out". She moved behind me putting her head of the dildo against my arsehole "Relax darling or no wank". She undid my genitals. "Push back on it

and I will wank you". I pushed. Her rubber covered hand grasped my cock and she wanked me in time to her strokes with the dildo. I didn't want to come like this but my balls had been stimulated for hours teased and restrained. With each stroke she punished. "You really enjoyed that didn't you wimp?"

All my fantasies came true. She unstrapped herself leaving the dildo up my arse and replaced the cock and ball restraint then pushed me down and I was lying in my own mess. She went and showered and climbed into the bed next to me me naked, she slapped my buttocks. I was told this was the way it was to be from now on. She had the best orgasm ever being fucked by two strangers knowing I was just below her trapped. From now on I was to be her maid and clean the house, I was to maintain an erection at all times in her presence as she might need me if she couldn't find more masculine males to service her. Relief for my balls would be strictly rationed and only if I had completely satisfied her in the tasks she set me. She giggled and said it wasn't all bad, after all a cock which couldn't come was great to use as a dildo especially as girls love to ride a man in agony. She had invited some



© David Wintrop

girls around tomorrow to help her in her task of training. I would serve them tea dressed as a maid and she was sure they would want to fuck me to increase the pressure in my balls to unbearable levels of torture.

All pictures for this story by David Wintrop

Would you like to be published
in SECRET Magazine?
Send me your story, fiction or fantasy!

Editor@SecretMag.com

Secret Magazine
P.O. box 1400 - 1000 Brussels 1 - Belgium



Kiss of Fire



Introduction by A.D. Coleman, 9.75 by 11.5 inches, casebound, dustjacket, 104 pages, 61 duotone plates, Us\$ 40.

Signed copies available at www.BarbaraNitke.com.

Available in bookstores August 2003. Published by Kehrer Verlag, Heidelber, Germany



Kiss of Fire



Book Review: Kiss of Fire

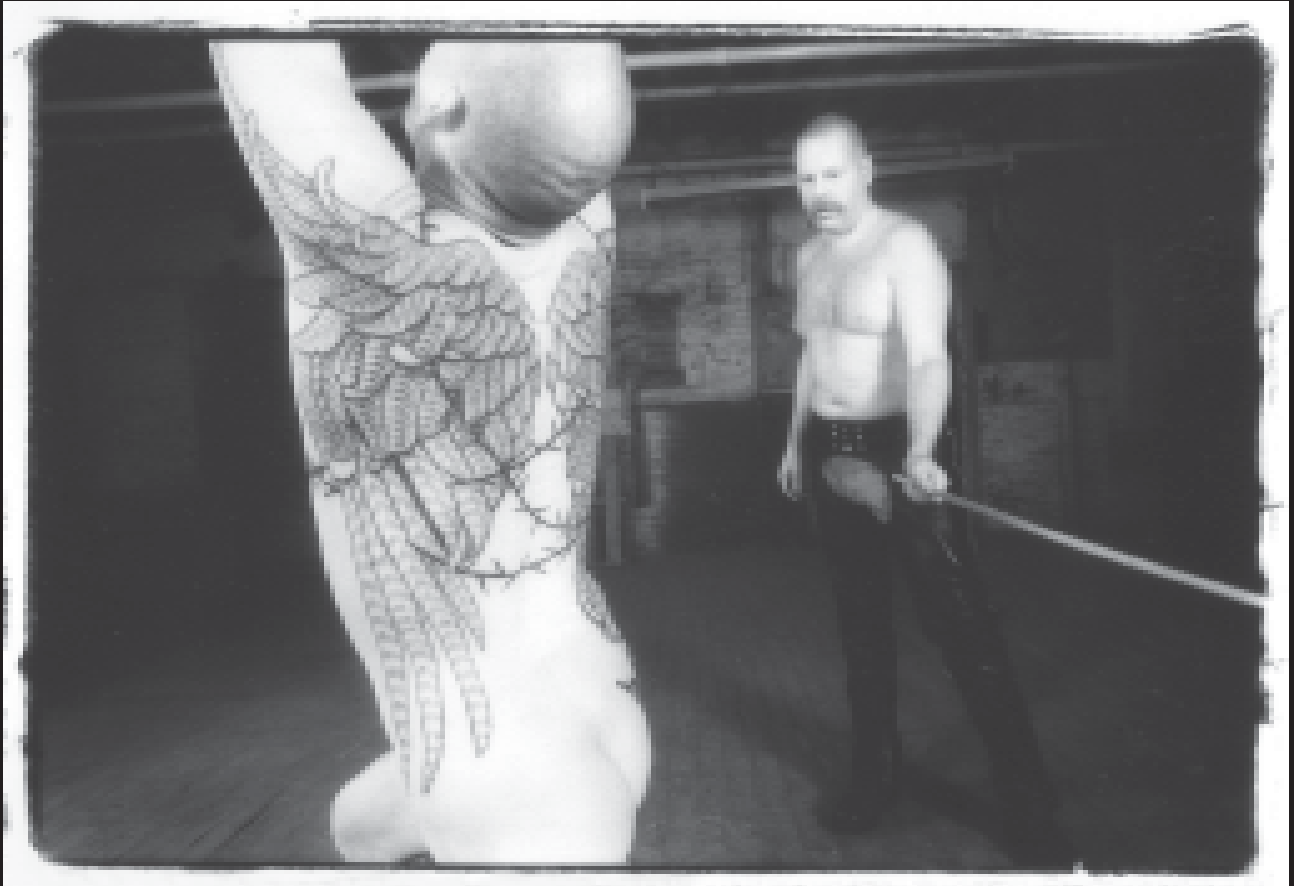
by Susan Wright

Susan Wright has written over 20 books on art and popular culture. For more information go to www.susanwright.info

Ever since Robert Mapplethorpe's photographs were used to help justify the defunding of the National Endowment of the Arts, there has been a question whether sadomasochism is a fit subject for art. Barbara Nitke answers with a resounding YES! in her new book, *Kiss of Fire*. With over 60 crisp duotone photographs and published on heavy stock by Kehrer Verlag Heidelberg in Germany, Nitke presents a world of sadomasochism that few will ever see.

Nitke's photographs can be shocking at times in their frankness. A bound man cries out in pleasure and agony as another man behind him, naked to the waist, plays upon his body. A pale woman is seated on a toilet, vulnerable and timid, with all of her attention focused on the woman leaning over her. An ordinary couple stand in the classic "American Gothic" pose in front of an ordinary house, yet the woman is naked and heavily pregnant.

Kiss of Fire



Each of Nitke's photographs is attuned to the interplay between the partners and the love that manifests even in the most extreme sexual encounters. Their interaction feels spontaneous; a charged moment frozen in time. Yet each scene is framed in a gently formal composition that makes even the most outrageous accruements seem beautiful.

In *Kiss of Fire*, Nitke writes of her experience exploring the SM community and her increasing desire to photograph the lovers she saw. "I loved watching them float around together at parties," Nitke says, "Flying on their endorphins, lost in each other. I loved the ones who would spend days cooking up intricate, delicious scenes to tantalize the other and then tell you about it afterwards like mischievous kids."

In *Kiss of Fire*, Nitke has captured the intense energy of these couples' passion as well as the deep intimacy and trust that is required to engage in SM. For anyone who has ever wanted a deeper look into the glorious contradictions of kinky sexuality, *Kiss of Fire* is a must for you.

Nitke offers signed copies of *Kiss of Fire* from her website: www.BarbaraNitke.com

You may also order copy's directly from Secret magazine. Price 36 Euro / 40 us\$

or from the publishers directly: contact@kehrerverlag.com

John Chilton



John Chilton





John Chilton

John Chilton





John Chilton

John Chilton





John Chilton

John Chilton



A day of Extreme pleasure

part two
By Simone

I have been hanging from the frame for.....ever. A thick plug filling my ass, a short, thick penis gag filling my mouth, only my cunt throbs, empty. Dripping juices glisten on the clamps and chains adorning my cunt lips. My tits are beyond recognition, they are no longer part of me, and are a world of pain by themselves. I can see myself in the mirror my Master has arranged for my benefit and it has been hard to tear my eyes away from the sight of myself, trussed and bound yet cradled and embraced by my bonds. My body has twice tried to rid itself of the intruding butt-plug, the involuntary muscles spasming painfully but futilely as the straps securing the plug is tight and ungiving, eventually my muscles accepted defeat and my squirming, which had caused the suspension frame to sway has stopped.

My master has twice pushed a straw between my lips and the gag allowing me to slake my thirst. Twice he had held a ball of popper-soaked cotton to my nose and watched as my body spasmed again and again in orgasm. I may have lost consciousness after the last orgasm, it is difficult to tell and I have stopped wondering when my master will release me. Though my muscles ache from restraint and orgasm they are not yet cramping. But a familiar painful tightness in my abdomen warns of a more urgent need,

but with no way to plead with my master, I struggle to contain my urge to pee. I have drunk several times since this morning and I know I dare not drink any more, but it seems my master has other ideas as he raises the straw to my lips once more and orders me to "Drink!"

I try not to, I know I cannot hold much more but I am thirsty and as a few drops of cool water leak onto my tongue it is hard not to suck and relieve my aching throat. My jaw muscles ache from the penis gag and despite myself I drain half the bottle. I can tell from the smile on my master's face that he knows my discomfort and my dilemma and though I try with my eyes to plead with him I know he does nothing without a motive and wonder how close to the edge he intends to push me, and all the time I know the answer. I clench my vaginal muscles trying to hold back the urge to pee. My body is no longer my own and though I feel my face flush with heat as I realise what my master is forcing me to, I resign myself, I have no choice. But a lifetime of habit means I try to hold it in as long as I can. My master has other plans and as I concentrate on control, he bends to his box of toys and picks out a large, veined vibrator. I groan into the gag and my master laughs,

"Dirty whore" he murmurs close to my ear "you are going to piss when I fill your cunt with this" he waves the vibrator in front of my face and I close my eyes, trying not to release my bladder. He bends, still smiling and I close my eyes, accepting defeat. My master spreads thick, black towels on the floor beneath me then disappears behind my line of vision and I feel the frame move, tilting forward so my head moves closer to the floor and my feet go up. The frame ends up horizontal to the ground so when I piss it will not, after all ruin my boots which has been worrying me, I told you my master despite everything is thoughtful! But he is also cruel and now I feel his hands at the entrance to my cunt as he manoeuvres the large dildo into the entrance and despite the resistance forces it into the narrow canal. There is nothing I can do - to help or to resist, I cannot wriggle or bear down or even angle my pelvis. I am totally at his mercy. There is no shortage of lubrication, my juices have been flowing freely for hours but the size of the plug in my ass is not very giving. My master is in no mood to be denied and he twists, withdraws and thrusts the dildo relentlessly until all of a sudden it squeezes in a few inches. Keeping up his persistent thrusting the dildo is now with each thrust banging against my bladder and I know I am very close to peeing all over my master's hand. As I am not sure if this is what he wants and of course cannot ask I struggle to control my natural urge. But it is not easy to clench the necessary muscles when the dildo is forcing those very muscles wide. My groans become frantic behind the gag and my master pushes the dildo one last time and beds it deep inside me and steps back, just as a stream of golden pee showers



© Joseph Robert Jobe / Enticing I M A G E S Photography



down over the towels.

"Filthy Slut" he taunts me, my face feels hot, years of self control, gone in an instant.

I shudder and sweat under my bonds, I came as I peed and my head is spinning. It is a few minutes before I realise that my master is loosening the straps that bind me to the cross. He is slow, deliberate and as each limb comes free he massages the blood back into it and I realise I have been hanging a long time, once more I can barely stand when I step down from the frame. In fact even if I could stand, I could not walk the vibrator is now bound to me, my master has fastened a strap to hold that inside me and with that swelling my cunt and the plug still stretching my ass I am forced to stand with my legs apart and walking with any dignity is out. So I'm hoping I will be allowed to crawl when I am next expected to move. Unable to stand upright my blindfold is replaced, the leash attached again to my collar. My Master pushes me around and down onto my knees. He is taunting me, and I hardly dare to breathe though as no rush of pain comes, I begin to take deeper breaths. He must be waiting to see how long before I crack.

Through the open door the sound of the front door bell. I jump. My master commands "Don't move!"

He leaves my side and I hear the door close, sealing the room once more in silence. Strange. Usually when we are in the middle of a scene, nothing is allowed to interrupt and telephone and door bell should be ignored. I dare not move but who knows how long he will be? Surely he will just get rid of whoever it is. Time passes, five minutes, ten? My knees are beginning to ache on the hard floor and I begin to shift my weight to relieve it, when I hear the door open. Of course I cannot ask, nor will I be told, who was at the door but my master must have seen my movement as he entered and he commands sternly "Don't move Slave!" he sounds angry and as he reaches me I am whipped with the crop viciously on my breast and I scream into the gag. My jaw is aching and I realise I must have had the gag in for hours now and wonder how I will ever close my mouth again. As if reading my mind my master loosens the strap holding the gag in and I can feel him kneeling before me. As the gag comes free, before I have chance to work my jaw from its constriction my master's mouth covers mine, his tongue thrusts deep into

my throat and involuntarily my hands come up to steady myself as I tilt backwards. And my hands touch soft smooth flesh, just as I realise that the mouth that covers mine is small and soft and has a different taste to my masters, my searching hand touches a breast and with a squeal I pull back.

"Slut" shouts my master, from behind me, and my buttocks are swiped again, I lurch forwards into the arms of the strange woman, but find no comfort there. She fondles my breast as it collides with her hand then wrenches one of the clamps from my nipple. That's what it feels like - the pain is excruciating and I scream, loudly now the gag is removed and from behind me my master forces a long bit into my mouth, if they are to remove the clamps I will need it, it is strapped tightly in place and I bite down as one by one the clamps are painfully removed, my master appears to be supporting me from behind, holding me upright and holding my hands behind my back, I can feel him fastening the wrist bands together but my consciousness is focussed on my breasts. Tightly bound still - is that making the pain worse or less? I picture my breasts exploded and bleeding, they are a red mist of pain in my mind and I worry that I may pass out. As the last clamp is removed after an age of torture, I feel that soft mouth moving over my nipples, sucking and massaging the blood back into them but the pain is still explosive and I bite harder on the bit. I hear the sound of ice in a bucket nearby and scream "No!" as I know what is coming and my brain explodes again as a handful of ice is massaged into my left breast the ice must melt from the heat of my breasts, and the hard mounds that they have become in their bondage surges into the hand that tortures as if they want more, they have a mind of their own now for I cannot want more can I? The mouth still works on the right one. As my screams subside to sobs the bit is released from my mouth. I am kneeling, but leaning back against the hard chest of my master, hands secured behind my back, my head tilts back now as he covers my mouth with his. I must have been a good slave to deserve such treatment, I hesitate at first but as soon as his tongue touches mine I know that this indeed is my master's mouth, but I know also that punishment will follow for tempting him to slip out of character. But I don't care and revel in the moment. After all the torture a respite of caressing is to be savoured, especially as I know it cannot last. Ice is massaged into my right breast and the left massaged with mouth and hand, both breasts feel huge, like balloons, and though the intense pain is eased there is a heat and throbbing that is sensuous and the tightness of the binding keeps me intensely aware of every touch.

As the mouth moves downward I feel my masters arms come around from behind me and massage my breasts himself. His touch is gentle compared to the other, but it does not matter they are so sensitive now that any touch is a sensual explosion and I squirm and moan and even I can not tell you if it is in pleasure or pain. It is both.

My knees have spread and my fanny is almost touching the floor, the woman has her hands behind the straps of my bindings around my hips and pulls sharply to pull my crotch towards her, I scream in anger as my legs are doubled under me and the butt plug is gouging deep into me in this position, movement needs to be carefully manoeuvred and she is wrenching me! My master slaps my breasts as punishment at the note of protest in my

scream, and he lifts me bodily as the woman pulls my legs from under me and spreads them, putting a knee on one thigh and holding the other leg wide with a strong hand grip I feel her lips at my shaven mound. Finding her way blocked by a vibrator she does not seem pleased. She does not speak but her attitude, even behind my blindfold, I could feel it. My thigh is slapped a vicious stinging slap which made me gasp it is so unexpected and she tugs at the holding strap until it comes free. She has still not spoken and I wonder why, with that part of my brain still capable of rational thought. Is it because I would recognise her voice? Is it some one I know? What does it matter? I am in no position to protest. With a sucking, gurgling sound the vibrator is wrenched from my cunt and I gasp as she immediately buries her face in the dripping opening, sucking and slurping noisily, slavering in my juices and drinking deeply from me, I squirm in a combination of ecstasy and shock. I have never been touched by a woman like this, have never even kissed a woman. But I should not protest, am aware of that. My master has long expressed his desire to see me fucked by a woman, so I should not be surprised. I can only wonder, inside my head how, what is to be done to me next. But the thought of it makes more juices flow and I can tell from the sounds coming from the direction of my fanny that she is enjoying the taste at least and in spite of myself I smile into my bit. She begins pulling at the straps holding the but plug in place and once more some wordless communication seems to take place as, after a pause I am lifted bodily and almost thrown onto the padded, raised platform and with my head down buried in a pillow, my butt in the air, someone, I presume my master as he works swiftly and deftly unfastens the straps and once more the plug is removed roughly and with a twist. My bucking backside is slapped until it stops squirming. I hear the sound of latex snapping into place. Gloves? and the slick gloopy sound of lubricant. I feel the soft feminine mouth at my cunt once more, savouring the taste before it is soured by gel and rubber perhaps.

I am right of course but without knowing to what extent. The mouth is replaced by fingers, I cannot tell how many but they are filling the entrance to my cunt, trying to force their way in, the lube is not helping as the knuckles are not as giving as rubber. But it seems defeat is not an option and the fingers pull back, thrust forward, the lubricant is thick and cool against my lips and I thrust backwards instinctively wanting to be filled, my clit is burning and longs to be pressured too. If I am lucky a stray knuckle may graze it and satisfy the craving there. My screams are wordless, the bit not as restricting as the gag but I am glad it is there. The pillow is soon soaked with my involuntary slaver and tears. The pummelling at my cunt is relentless, the fingers are withdrawn and twisted, inserted single and bunched together, the lubricant and my freely flowing juices make slurping sounds and I can feel drips running onto my stomach. My knees are spread



wide, the woman is kneeling between them her free arm gripping my waist for leverage. I do not know where my master is, I cannot hear him and cannot feel him close but then my senses are being overwhelmed by this fist rape and I have no doubt he is wherever he can get a good view. Suddenly a nail, deliberate or accidental grazes viciously against my clit, with a scream this triggers an orgasm and I thrust my cunt hard back onto the hand, with a slurp and a scream, and a sigh of achievement the hand beds itself finally into me, In shock I stop moving for several heartbeats. I hold my breath and dare not move, my god what if she can't get it out again? It took so long to get it in! But I don't care. I am filled as I have never been filled before and I savour the wonder of it. I hold still as I try to identify the sensation. The hand is rippling inside me, clenching and unclenching I think, there is no thrusting movement, just a steady rhythmic tightening and relaxing feeling, I think I want to pee again, and immediately clench myself against the thought, a moan of pleasure sounds from behind me, she must have felt my muscles contract. I hold myself still, I am barely breathing though I can feel another orgasm building, and I wish I could see myself. Even without the blindfold I would not be able to see but I wish there was somehow, so I can only imagine seeing my legs spread wide with a wrist imbedded, disappearing inside me. The thought is so licentious the image behind my eyes vivid and I groan into the pillow and my cunt begins to spasm, I cannot help myself as I come again and again, the hand twists and slips much more easily

out of me that it went in. I hardly notice at first but a whip is brought down heavily across my buttocks and as my orgasm subsides I begin to twist away from the thrashing. In shock I try to move up the bed but am pulled back. "Bitch" my master sounds angry but his voice is husky also from lust.

"Slut! Did I tell you you could come? Do you want to break her hand?"

I try to say I'm sorry but my mouth just slavers and gurgles around the bit. I receive another blow. "You haven't finished yet, and now I shall have to punish you again. You will never learn!" Each syllable is punctuated by a blow on my upturned bottom. On top of this morning's bruises, it is painful, but unbelievably my orgasm is still spasming through me, though I seem to be the only one who notices and rather than pain, each blow merely seems to heighten each spasm until I am screaming into the gag and my body arches and rolls on the bed, my head spinning and my mind in oblivion. I cannot see or hear anymore, only feel as wave after wave of sensation crashes over me. At some point my master must see what is happening as I am vaguely aware that the blows are no longer landing viciously but are well aimed and stimulating now, then they stop all together and I feel him lie along side me and as I cease to thrash about his arms come around me as if to cradle me as I come down from space. His hand reaches around to release the bit and blindfold.

He wipes my eyes and nose, and as my sobs subside he kisses me deeply. He looks down at me and I find it hard to read the look in his eyes. He has been so cruel, yet his look is tender, almost proud. But I know that he has not finished yet, though. And neither, of course have I.

I look around for the woman, there is no sign of her. My master laughs, he knows me so well.

"She's gone - for now." he loosens my arms and I massage my wrists and pull myself up to sit comfortably for the first time all day.

"But she'll be back" I stretch and massage my body, luxuriating in my brief release, not knowing how long it will last. I cannot forget that last buttplug and there must be several other toys in that box yet, he did say we would use them all before the day was out!

But not yet it seems. He throws me a towel and as he leaves the room he instructs me "Clean yourself up, then make coffee. Relax for ten minutes" He goes into the sitting room and switches on the tv. Stunned a little, I sit unmoving at first. Then realising he had set a time limit I run to the bathroom. I hadn't been instructed not to so I pee normally with relief. Then use the shower attachment to clean myself, I do not have time to strip off and shower properly so I content myself with spraying cool water over my tortured but so satisfied cunt and arse. I try to feel myself to see if any permanent stretching

seems to have taken place. My bumhole seems its normal size but when I push a finger into myself it does disappear quickly and easily and I pull it out with shock. It feels as juicy as my cunt with all the lubrication, I suppose something has to give after all the punishment its received. I just know we have not finished there either and a thrill of anticipation shivers through me. As I dry myself I cannot believe my juices are flowing again. I clean up my make up as best I can, wiping away the tear streaks - so much for waterproof mascara! I reapply and hope it is enough. It is so good to walk upright again, I barely notice the height of my heels and almost trot into the kitchen to make coffee. I feel strangely light, with no clamps or weights attached to me although looking down I can see the marks and bruises, and in fact can feel where they have been. I carry the tray in to my master an feeling so relaxed and happy I almost forget, and just remember to lower my eyes in time, I cannot presume to much because he is giving me a break, we are not out of character yet and I must not make him angry by looking like I am enjoying myself! I kneel before him and serve him coffee with my eyes lowered and my mouth shut, like a good slave. I wait for him to give me permission before helping myself to coffee and relax back against his knees whilst we drink. He strokes my hair absently as he watches the end of a movie, every so often reaching down to pull at my nipple rings and feel the weight of my breasts. Despite myself I sigh at his touch, my breasts are still tightly bound and every touch is accentuated a thousand times. Seeing my eyes close in enjoyment my master tightens his grip which



shocks me back to awareness and I sit bolt upright. He does not really look angry. But now it seems relax time is over again and he looks at me, considering I suppose, what my next ordeal should be. The only adornment I have retained from before is the chain threading from one nipple ring to the other via the ring on my collar. After gazing thoughtfully at my breasts for a while he unhooks one of the clips and pulls it out from the collar ring. I keep my head bowed and bite my lip as he passes the chain around behind my neck and through the ring there. Then, pulling the chain to make it reach he lift my left breast and reattaches the clip. The chain has a massive pulling effect now. Both my breasts are pulled upwards and the thick rings are taking the strain. It is uncomfortable rather than painful - for now. The visual effect must be pleasing though as my master nods approvingly. He plays a while, flicking a nail over each nipple and watching as they spring back into an almost vertical position, the chain fighting gravity with the considerable weight of my pendulous, bound breasts. Suddenly he jumps up.

"I need to pee!" he says, decisively. "Bend over" I hesitate and receive a slap to the bottom of one breast, I scream in outrage and receive another. I have relaxed too much and have forgotten the humiliation of the morning. "You will be punished for that. Now! Over!" he is back in character now and so must I be, I hurry to do as I am told, cursing myself. I do ask for it!

The by now familiar feeling is almost welcome, I prefer this personal attention from my master, I do not need a third person. And his penis, swollen as it is, enters my ass much easier now it has been stretched, I just hope I can clench it sufficiently not to leak as once more I contemplate the distance to the bathroom! He has been holding himself a long time it seems and I worry about overflow before he has even finished. We just make it and he slaps me and I run, bent over.

When I am clean I return with a cloth to find him sitting with the box open beside him. I try to keep my eyes averted, I try to be a good slave but he is deliberately playing with the largest and last of the butt plugs, in such a way that I cannot help but gasp and stare at it. He holds it for me, inviting me to touch it. I wrap my hand around it, It is very wide at the base, I cannot encircle it with my hand and my face burns hot at the thought of even trying to take it inside me. My master watches my face and laughs.

"Lick it" he commands and without hesitation, I do, my mouth cannot encircle it either so I lick it like a giant lollipop. I look into my master's eyes and imagine it is his prick, I lick it and suck the end, my eyes and his locked. He looks back, a cruel glint in his eye. Eventually he says quietly. "Bend over" I mustn't hesitate anymore, so I spin around and brace myself against the coffee table, my legs apart and slightly bent. I try and control my breathing. This is not going to be easy.

© Joseph Robert Jobe / Enticing IMAGES Photo
<http://www.enticingimages.com>

Julie Simone



Julie Simone



Julie Simone entered the fetish world as a model. She's quickly risen to the top of her field and has rigged the best models for the largest companies in the business. She was recently voted 2nd Best Rigger in the Annual Bondage Awards. In 2004 she will be teaching workshops at ShibariCon, DomConLA, and FetishCon. She is an honoured guest at the last two events.

Julie was initially mentored by Master K and has developed a style all her own which often incorporates extreme hand and foot bondage. Her ideal is to have her sub be cocooned in rope, to become an immovable sculpture : safe, beautiful, and helpless.

This layout features her photography and rigging of Elkie Cooper, Alsana Sin, Eden Wells, and Bee Tran.

Julie Simone





Model - Bee Tran

www.JulieSimone.com

Barbi Satin

Fetish-She-Male: Life of fetish & perversion.....

Everyone has a first memory in life. Mine was of a bedtime ritual that led me to a life of fetish and perversion. It all started innocently enough. My mother would tickle my face with satin ribbons when I was a baby. This continued until I was around four years of age. I loved the feel of the satin ribbons and I do remember that my penis would get hard when my mom would tickle me. I also had a silk comforter on my bed at the time. By the time I was five years old I had figured out that rubbing back and forth on the silk felt really good. It felt so good that I was having dry orgasms up to twenty times a day from the sensations.



I instinctively knew that my behavior was not socially acceptable. I was very careful to keep my masturbatory activities from my parents. Being a precocious little pervert I began to have fantasies about pretty females wearing satin. By the time I was eight years old I had discovered a pink satin bridesmaids dress that my mom had stored in the closet in my bedroom. I removed my new treasure from the plastic bag it was stored in and slipped it on. As soon as the soft, slippery satin touched my body I was instantly erect. It is a good thing that my mom never was a bridesmaid again because within

in a year I had that dress all but worn out from all the masturbation I was indulging in while wearing it.

By the time I was twelve I had managed to accumulate quite a collection of masturbatory aids including stockings, panties and some satin from a fabric store. I also had my first wet orgasm at that age. I was in a bit of shock from it and disturbed that I had ruined my favorite piece of satin! I was curious about what I had done and tasted some of my first ejaculation.

After that first wet orgasm I became even more perverse in my masturbation and fantasy life. I soon learned that if I would wear a latex exam glove on the hand I masturbated with it would make the shiny side of the satin slip and slide on my cock. The sensation was exquisite beyond words. I also learned that if I stopped masturbating just before orgasm over and over again I could build up a gigantic load of cream. I would sometimes bring myself to the edge of cumming up to fifty times before allowing myself to cum. I would also make a game of seeing just how many times I could cum in a single day. My record as a teen was twenty five times in twelve hours.

When I was fourteen I discovered my fathers





collection of Penthouse magazines. He had a huge box of them stashed away in our attic. I began to read all the Penthouse Forum letters. I read all about enemas, latex fetish, leather fetish and female domination. I was fascinated by all of it and soon began to experiment with an enema bag I found in our bathroom. I also found a pair of shiny black latex kitchen gloves and added those to my masturbatory arsenal. I also started to look at the photos in the magazines during masturbation. I was drawn to the pictorials where the models wore boots, gloves, latex and leather. Of course I also loved the photo spreads that included satin sheets and lingerie. I would have fantasies about the women in the photos masturbating me with their gloves. I would also imagine that while they were giving me pleasure they were also verbally abusing and humiliating me. By the time I started High School I was already my full adult height of 6'6" tall. I had found an Adult Bookstore in New Haven and was soon purchasing my first fetish magazines. The clerk never asked for ID because of my height. I started a collection of magazines on cross-dressing, Fem Dom, latex and leather fetish. I also purchased a magazine called Shemale Encounters that featured Sulka and Carnal Candy. I became instantly fascinated with dominant Shemales. I began to have fantasies of being a pink satin sissy maid being forced to suck their cocks and lick their assholes. I also began to experiment with dildoes then. All my fantasies were of sensual submission to females and Shemales.

I was never the least bit attracted to males but in my sophomore year I began to experiment a little. I met

an older boy who came onto me. One night Bobbie played the "you show me yours and I'll show you mine game." Within a few moments I was wearing a pair of his mothers panties and sucking his dick. While I found nothing beautiful or attractive about him physically I did love sucking his huge cock. I imagined myself as a Shemale whore on her knees sucking off a trick and really got off on it. When he shot his load I almost gagged.

After that I would suck him off several times a week while having fantasies that I was doing it in front of a room full of cruel women. The women would call me a sissy cock sucker and whore. I broke off this relationship after a few months went by. I had a lot of guilt and confused feelings about it. I loved sucking his cock but the truth was that I just wasn't gay. I wanted to have a girlfriend. The problem was that the only girls I was attracted too then were the ones who were the most unattainable. I loved female beauty and the prettiest girls in school were all into dating cave men type jocks, not perverts!

In my senior year I met a young sophomore named Peter. Peter was only about 5'foot tall and looked very much like a pretty little girl. Peter was also very gay and a closet cross dresser. We became friends and I started hanging out at his house after school. His mom and dad both had jobs so we had several hours a day to ourselves.

We started with playing dress up games. Peter had some wigs and make up and I supplied satin lingerie, sheets and stockings. Peter took the name Missy and I found an adorable little playmate. Missy was





as pretty as any real girl I had ever seen and soon I found myself in love for the first time in my life. I loved the fact that she had a beautiful, hard cock between her legs. I began to teach Missy all I knew about kinky sex. We would stroke each other off with satin gloves, play tickle games with ribbons and feathers and tie each other cocks up in ribbons. Before long we were indulging in sucking each other off and fucking each other. We even began to lick each other's assholes and piss in each other's mouths. We experimented with all the masturbation techniques I knew and even got into some light bondage and discipline. My smoking fetish also started with Missy. We both started to smoke Virginia Slims during sex play.

I never felt guilt over my sex play with Missy. She was so feminine it was like having a gorgeous girlfriend. In fact it was even better because she had the same sex drive I did. At the end of my senior year her family moved out of State and I prepared for long and lonely summer before starting college. That was the worst summer of my life. I had been out all night partying and came home in the morning to find my entire kinky collection of lingerie, toys and magazines laid out on the living room floor. The ultimate nightmare for any young pervert is for your parents to discover what you are. My secret was out big time!

I just went into shock when I saw it all. The odd thing was that my parents never said a word and we played let's pretend this never happened. My relationship with my mom never really changed after that but my dad grew cold and distant. My parents were going through a divorce at the time. After my dad moved out he never spoke to me again. Missy was gone, my dad was gone and things were pretty depressing that summer. I did the only thing I could think of. I began to drink an amazing amount of beer and smoke a lot of weed.

By the end of the summer my mom moved from

Connecticut to a rural area in South Central Pennsylvania. I did go to college and did fairly well for a semester but my heart wasn't in it. I felt totally directionless in life. I was a music major and I had thought that my future was going to be as a French Horn player in a symphony orchestra. I had real talent but my motivation was gone. At the end of the semester I moved to Pennsylvania and began a job search.

I found a job as a clerk at an adult bookstore and massage parlor. The job came with a small apartment in the back and soon I was living out some very kinky fantasies again. The store seemed to attract some very kinky couples that were into bisexual play. There was one couple that stopped in once a month looking for action. One night they stayed after closing time and I found myself getting a blowjob from the wife as I sucked off her husband.

I also shared some of my fantasies with a cute and kinky blonde named Bunny who worked as a hooker in the massage parlor. Bunny was everything I had ever dreamed of in a lot of ways. The only problem was that she was an insane sadist. I realized that things had gone too far one night while she tied me up. She shoved the biggest dildo in the store up my ass until I was bleeding. The more I screamed the heavier her breathing became. She was getting off in a big way on the pain I was going through. I cut things off at that point.

After the bookstore I went to work at a local newspaper. During that time I lived out my kinks by making trips to NYC to visit pro doms. I must have seen over fifty professional dominants but I only found one that was kinky enough for my tastes. She would masturbate me with satin and her kid gloves until I was so horny I would do anything for an orgasm. Anything included full toilet service and sucking the cocks of the other clients at the dungeon! Mistress told me it was ashamed that I was a male because I had the wildest imagination of anyone she had met in the scene. She told me I would make a great dominant. At that point in my life I never even



thought about becoming a Shemale. I still had some baby fat on my face and the attempts I had made at full feminization left a lot to be desired. I loved dressing in satin ball gowns and little girl dresses but I knew it was only fantasy and would never be more. I did want to be part of the scene however.

I saved all the money I could and quit my job. I started a mail order fetish business in 1995. Things didn't go so well and I soon had to consider going back to work. One day when I was bored I took out my make up and started to play around. I put on one of the latex outfits I had planned to sell and took a few photos. I took a look in the mirror and was amazed at how I looked. The baby fat on my face had melted away since my last attempt.

I did the unthinkable and submitted a few of the photos to TV/TS contact magazines and advertised myself as a professional TV dominatrix. Before long I was doing sessions and having the time of my life. I wasn't content to be a TV at that point and began to take some mild hormones. I had to be careful because the last thing I wanted was to lose my male sex drive. I began to develop small breasts within six months. I knew I would never have the breasts I wanted from hormones unless I was willing to sacrifice erections and orgasms. I never could see the point of being a TS babe only to lose all sex drive. In 1996 I found a job at a dungeon in New Jersey. I stayed there for about a year and then went on to the big time. I heard that a new dungeon called Excalibur was looking for a TS dominatrix and I got the position. I started just before Christmas in 1997. I was amazed at just how much the fem dom scene in NYC had changed since my days as a client. In the bad old days it was all about kink and perversion. The doms knew that it was really about SEX! By the time I arrived in the city as a pro dom it had all changed. A form of politically correct domination had taken over the houses. The rules were that you couldn't even touch a cock unless it was to administer pain. Pleasure was not a part of the equation anymore.

I played by the rules for as long as I could stand it. No one goes to see a Shemale dominatrix who won't indulge in the most perverse fantasies. Men see a Shemale dominatrix for one reason. They want to be forced to suck cock and swallow cum! I wanted my cock sucked and I wanted to shoot cum down their throats! I started to play by my rules and was soon the most popular T domina in the city. I was the cover girl for Feminine Illusion and Adam as Eve. I was even on Penthouse.com. I was also in constant conflict with management and the female dominants there. I was running ads in screw showing my cock at full erection. I was the biggest moneymaker at the dungeon but by the end of 1997 management had enough of it and we parted ways.

I found myself back in Pennsylvania wondering where to go next. I didn't want to go back to doing outcalls and endless phone sex for a living. I didn't want to go back to a dungeon either. I decided to start my own web site and produce my own very nasty fetish porn. I would have no one to answer too and could live out my perversions in front of the entire world. I had already achieved some fame from the magazines I had modeled for so going on the net seemed like the next step.

Things went very well right from the beginning. In an age of "Naked Shemales with Pretty boys porn" I was offering a throwback to the bad old days of Shemale fetish and perversion. I do most of my photo shoots with other T girls and females. Most TS these days won't even consider doing hardcore with a female.

I am not a Transsexual at all however. A Transsexual is a woman trapped in a male body. They hate their cocks and many can't even stand to have it touched. I am a Shemale now. I love my cock and kinky sex with females and other Shemales and TV's.

The only problem I had was that most of the TS on the web had much bigger breasts than I did. After years of mild hormones I was barely an A cup. In the world of Shemale porn that makes you a minor leaguer. I have never been content to be in the minor



leagues. Last January I drove from Pennsylvania to San Francisco for breast implant surgery. I told the surgeon to give me big; round porno boobs and that is exactly what I got. I came home with 700cc implants at a DD cup.

I really do have my dream job now. My plans for the future are to just keep pushing the envelope to the extremes of fetish porn.

All pictures by Houston Matney
make up and set design by Greg Malone

Michael Bleu & Midori







Michael Bleu & Midori



Beauty Bound

An Interview with Midori and Michael Blue

by Babydoll

Buffalo burgers were on the menu at world-renowned sex educator Fetish Diva Midori's home when I joined her for dinner recently. Having modeled, traveled, and performed with Midori over the last few years, I'm not surprised that we'll be dining on something exotic. At the dinner table, in the classroom, or on the photography set, where the Fetish Diva is concerned, the unusual is to be expected.

Midori has been called a force of nature, an artist of the human form, and a genius. In 2001, she authored her first book, the well-received *Sensual Art of Japanese Bondage* (Greenery Press). In 2002, she and Carol Queen released the audio CD, *Aural Seductions*. The past year has seen her travel the globe teaching, making personal appearances, and even doing "bondage styling" on fashion shoots for *British Vogue*, *WestEast*, and *Surface* magazines for photographers Nick Knight and Tiziano Magni.

Midori has also been working tirelessly on her newest project, a web site called *BeautyBound.com*, in collaboration with the fabulous photographer Michael Blue.

Michael began his photography career in the fashion world, and that influence is obvious in his work. Known for his unique lighting, distinctive compositions, and gentle (yet wickedly kinky) spirit, he has received recognition from both the fetish and fashion worlds for his work. Michael recently had a one-man show *Madame S Leather* in San Francisco.

Following is the conversation I had with Michael and Midori about *BeautyBound*, bondage, fetish, sex, art, and the future as we ate buffalo and watched the sun set on San Francisco Bay.

BBD: What most excites you both about creating the photographs on *BeautyBound*?

MB: For me, it's the focused creativity. I'm throwing my creativity into a "bowl" with Midori's and the models', and

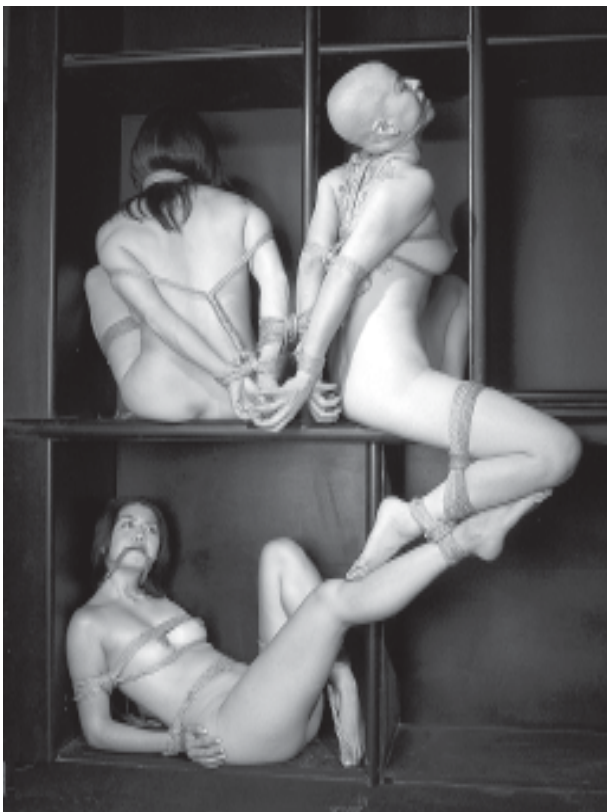
we're seeing what comes out. It's uniquely different than if had any one of us had individually gone at it. The fact that all three of us are riffing off one another, like a jazz band, that's where the real magic takes hold. I think that's why our shoots go eight, ten, twelve hours sometimes, but everyone comes out of it just jazzed. Exhausted, but jazzed.

(laughter)

FDM: OK, I'm going to get "down and dirty." I love it when the model cums on my set. And they do—they cum, drip, wiggle, and moan. The one we did recently, Lorelei Lee. And, oh, Suzi Suzuki! That was a *great* shoot, and of course *you* princess, (to Babydoll), when I was slapping your naughty bits while you hung upside down. I have to admit, it's a HUGE turn-on when it appeals to me both as a voyeur—because I'm watching the model in her sexual ecstasy—and as an exhibitionist, because there's a camera on me and my work and everyone will see it. It straight up gets me going, deep in the zippered crotch of my latex catsuit, when the model's hot, bothered, and writhing as those crotchropes sink in and they're rubbing up against them. Absolutely! So, there's that level...

MB: Let the record show that Babydoll just blushed. (all laugh)

FDM: There's a whole other level that's an artistic turn on. As an artist, it is a great thrill when I take my medium and I create something that is aesthetically beautiful. Then there's another level, where I'm aware that my medium is not only organic material, but the living, breathing, willing





flesh of an independent, intelligent woman, with her own agency, surrendering to, and collaborating with me. She's letting me objectify her as my paint, my flower, my clay. I'm forming her flesh into something beautiful, and while it's not the classic Mistress/slave dominance, it's a form of dominance that I imagine Rodin must have enjoyed.

BBD: Midori, you've said that in looking at bondage sites on the web, you didn't see anything that got your juices flowing, and that's why you decided to do BeautyBound. Is there anything that gets you going that people WON'T see on the site?

FDM: Well, I like playing with men and women, but BeautyBound is going to be dedicated to just images of women. If people like what I do with BeautyBound, I'll introduce a site with gorgeous men tied up, so that's one aspect you won't see on BeautyBound. I love beautiful men all tied up and I'm sure many people out there would love to see that, too, so those who want that should write and let me know. Who knows, maybe that'll be the next project.

MB: I think every erotic artist has to decide where the line is for them personally. And I think there's a classic commerce vs. art conflict that goes on. I know that in Irving Klaw photos, the models were sometimes wearing two pairs of underwear, just to make sure that they didn't invoke the FBI or the censors.

BBD: Right, but that was the '50s, so, judging by today's standards, what is it that bondage fans will get at BeautyBound that they can't get anywhere else?

FDM: My bondage. They're going to get my aesthetic sense; the energy between me, my ropes, and the model. They're NOT going to get the same old routine positions over and over again. They're never going to see the same rug stain on the same carpet.

(laughter)

MB: They're never going to see a shoot done in my living room or bedroom. There are, no doubt, other photographers who do high production value photography of bondage, but there's only one Midori in the world. What she's doing, melding Eastern and Western—the things that come out of her mind and the way she puts them to rope—you're just not going to see that anywhere else.

FDM: Another thing is that they'll see what turns on women—my models and me. They'll get the sexuality and turn-on of women who really love bondage, both tops and bottoms. So for all you guys who ever fantasized about going to an all-women bondage party—well you can't, but this is close.

BBD: A lot of people see shibari as a form of art, rather than sexual expression, how do you feel about that?

FDM: Well-done sex *is* art. Artful intimacy is very sexy. The idea that *shibari* is not about sex, and that it's simply a non-sensual art form, is based upon, I believe, discomfort or repression of whoever is trying to propagate that opinion. They're afraid of sex, their own sexuality; and being perceived as sexual. Whoever would make a statement like that is negative about sex, intimacy, passion and even some of the darker sides of human desire.

BBD: Why do you think has shibari gotten this "esoteric" rap?

FDM: I think people in the *West* try to make it esoteric, artistic, and exotic—it's the "exoticization" of things Asian. It's the whole "orientalism" perspective, and the perception that perhaps those of us in Asia give mysticism to



everything. Now, that's not to say that there *isn't* a ritualized component, an artistic and spiritual element to really well-done *shibari*. But that "exoticization" is a result of general lack of understanding of Asia and Asian sexuality. People are always looking for a new angle on sex. They want to be exposed to something that takes them to another level. Well-done *shibari*, executed with passion and intimacy, *can* take you to another level, but just doing it rote, is not going to get you anywhere except a little extra rope burn.

(laughter)

MB: There's this whole thing here in America where we're



so repressed with our sexuality that if the work arouses you, then it must be porn, ergo bad, whereas if it conjures up artistic awe, then it's ok; it's safe.

BBD: It gives them an “out” so they can feel OK about enjoying bondage without feeling like they're really “bad.”

MB: Right, because if it turns them on—not creatively, but sexually—then it must be “bad.”

FDM: Well, the U. S. media actually has a lot that it owes, unfortunately, to the Comstock Law and the code-setting in Hollywood. Pre-code Hollywood was really sexy and had a lot more sexual material.

BBD: How do you reconcile your feminism with binding and objectifying women?

FDM: I'm very cognizant that I'm objectifying women, but the difference here is that I first comprehend a full and complex woman. Then, *with her consent*, I put her in a fantasy role where she gets to enact *her* fantasy, as well as mine.

She *chooses* to be objectified by me, at a moment in time of her sexual existence, and she understands that my objectification will make her beautiful. Every model brings to each individual photo, a sexuality and brilliance all her own. A few images come to mind, like Dara Lynn Dahl, when she's looking fierce and angry, as if she's going come right out of the ropes at you; she has that ferocity. Then there's Rachel Paine, looking vulnerable. There's the angelic, almost transcendent, image of Rosaleen Young. There's the pain and giggles from *your* face, Babydoll...

MB: Now THERE'S orgasmic bliss!

(laughter)

FDM: Yeah, each woman brings her own slice of sexuality. I take the word objectification and instead of making it a dirty, deceptive thing, I allow it to be an opportunity for the woman and myself, as a top, to forget about the everyday. We can forget all the stuff we normally have to worry about and just focus on the small slice. She doesn't have to worry about her parking space, she doesn't have to worry about work, rent; all she needs to worry about is the feeling of the rope...

MB: She doesn't even have to worry about sitting up straight!

FDM: So I take the notion of objectification and play with it.

MB: I think the thing you'll see as a decided difference at BeautyBound over some other sites, is that we're not into humiliating or degrading women.

FDM: I love being a woman in this world because I bring a feminine perspective to the bondage.

BBD: Feminine maybe, but quite a bit more brutal! (giggles)

FDM: Yes! Often brutal! (laughs) But for example: Rosaleen's bound feet. That is definitely a feminine bondage expression. It's detailed, it's beautiful, and it's VERY restrictive. Those pretty bound feet are not going anywhere. She can barely move her toes.

MB: And you'll never see another rigger work pearls into the rigging!

(laughter)

BBD: Michael, why is documenting Midori's work behind the scenes just as import as the “finished product?”

MB: I'm living a life now, that, when I was growing up in



the Midwest, I wouldn't have had the nerve to dream of—it was just too big. And so, by documenting her process, I can give others a little glimpse behind the curtain, at what goes on backstage. If I've done my job well, I'm also capturing some of the creativity, too, just showing all the back-and-forth banter, how a shoot evolves, and the part each player plays.

BBD: One of the things I love about your site is the comments section about each shoot, because it reveals not just what both of your impressions were, but the models are also given an opportunity to share their experiences. And it *is* such a collaborative effort when you do something like this.

FDM: Yeah, and another reason capturing the behind-the-scenes stuff is so important, is that the “audience” has no idea how fun a shoot is. It's a lot of work, but there's a lot



of fun, too. Everybody wants to know what it's like to be behind the scenes on an adult set, just hanging out with these beautiful women. This is one way that our members get to do that. The finished composition is one thing, but there are all these great moments that happen in the process of creating and undoing. For instance, we did a beautiful suspension with Sinnamon Love. We could have just caught the suspension, but I always ask for photos of the "undoing." So, in the finished shot, she's hanging up there in that sexual high—that rope bondage high. Then, at the end, we lower her down, and she has this look of ecstasy. She's sitting on the floor of this dark concrete basement in an abandoned building, with all that rope tangled around her, and it's like looking at a woman who's just had really fantastic sex. It's that afterglow and process of the unbinding where you catch some really interesting moments, so the camera NEEDS to keep shooting.

MB: The fact that the models allow me to shoot these candid images is an act of incredible generosity. Because in the behind-the-scenes stuff, there may be shots where they were making silly faces, or laughing out loud, or where they don't necessarily look "perfect."

FDM: Bloopers are fun too.

MB: Yeah.

BBD: Each of you, describe your creative processes. Do you have a plan when you begin or do you just play it by ear and let the spirit move you?

FDM: My creative process is a combination of things. If I know the woman, then I have an idea of what I want to do. Like, with you, Babydoll, I can put you through some really difficult positions, really physically challenge you, and I know you'll come out glowing. Also, Claire Adams: she can be put into really intense positions. So, if I know a model, I'll have some plans. But I might not know the model, and even if I do, sometimes her mood or physical state may become a factor; I talk with her and see where she's at that day. Plus, I'll often ask models if there something they've always wanted to do, but have never done before. And if there is, well let me at it!

Then there's location. If I'm shooting in a photo studio with an overhead beam, it's going to be different than shooting in a basement, or on a boat, or outdoors. Certain locations can basically transform our work into site-specific erotic art. So, I work with the site; I work with the capacity of the raw material, the model, and I also the day's

inspirations: maybe I'm really hot and bothered to do a predicament pose. Or maybe I'm in a particularly gentle mood, and I'll create something softer. Or, I may be in a mean, cruel, sadistic place. And there are *always* good shoes.

(laughter)

FDM: I'm a fetishist. I'm a rigger, but my fetishes are coming through in these photos. I love shoes and boots. When models ask me what they should wear to a shoot, I tell them to wear whatever makes them feel sexy, but make sure to bring good shoes! Plus, the high heels are a great place to hook the rope onto. But yeah, we like to incorporate various fetishes like latex, corsets, gloves, we have even used *kimono* with Suzi Suzuki rolling around in the snow.

MB: I was recently asked how I bring my vision of how the shot will look to the actual photo shoot. I responded that I never know what it's going to look like until after it's done. For us, it's extremely organic. Each space brings its own blessings and challenges as far as lighting, composition, all the various minutia that goes into making a great photo. It evolves from minute to minute.

BBD: You're both very technically proficient in your disciplines, but you're also quite intuitive in your approaches. Midori, describe Michael as an intuitive artist.

FDM: His lighting is amazing. We both do our art well and we don't interfere with one another. I can't take a photo to save my life. I'm Japanese, and I swear, there are two types of Japanese—one that clicks the camera and one who smiles, points the fingers up, and says "*cheezu*." (laughter) I'm the "*cheezu*" kind. I'm related to all those tourists you see in front of Eiffel Tower, you know, the



girlfriend's in front of the tower, and the boyfriend's taking the photo. I'm related to all that. But Michael is very critical of his own work. He's always looking to make it better. He has an ability to relax the model. He's not creepy, sleazy, or domineering, and he's very friendly. Sometimes, for the models, I think he can "disappear." And I mean that in a *good* way. He's not intrusive in her erotic space, and I think that's really important. Plus, I really appreciate it that he doesn't tell me what to do in terms of rope.

MB: Yeah, I learned early in life that you get the people who do it well and then you let them do it.

BBD: OK, Michael, your turn. Describe Midori as an intuitive artist.

MB: I think Midori is one of the most talented bondage riggers on the planet. I see things that come out of our shoots because of her rigging that I don't see anywhere else. I see her forming the body and to me it's like *bonsai*—she's taking this organic thing and shaping it to her vision and I see her doing this in poses and ways that I have never seen anywhere else. She never fails to continually amaze me creatively. We did a day of shooting in New York that was like four shoots in one day...

FDM: ...and our shoots aren't short...

MB: Yeah, normally a shoot for us takes an average of eight hours and this was compressed a little, but it was from 2 p.m. to 4 a.m., and the last one she did was *at least* as amazing as the first one, and I'd never seen it before. When we did the site launch party she must have tied up 20 people, and every single one of them, she tied differently. *Every single one.* It's the bondage equivalent of *Iron Chef*. Even people who do bondage rigging for a living every day were saying, "I can't believe her!" So yeah, we have Midori, in abundance, and that's quite a gift.

FDM: Having said that, BeautyBound isn't just an all-Midori show. We have some amazing guest artists on there, too. People like Eric Kroll, Craig Morey, Steve Diet Goedde, Lochai, and John Gillan, Chuck Stevens, Ken Marcus—amazing, new people all the time, and great people lined up for the future.

BBD: Midori, how do you hope the site will expand your goals as a sex educator?

FDM: The site fits in very indirectly. If there are people who are interested in taking my bondage classes, I want them to go there and use it as a possible inspiration. But more importantly, I have a free discussion group on the site, where students can hang out and exchange ideas in a free forum, which is a great tool for my teaching.

MB: I also think there's a bigger goal. In your sex education, you're trying to make the world a safer place for kinky people, basically, and I think BeautyBound is a very conscious attempt to elevate bondage out of the "porn ghetto."

FDM: But still keep it steamy and hot and intimate and fun and authentic.

BBD: What does the future hold?

FDM: Well, in 2004, I'll be publishing a book of hardcore science fiction. I also want to publish a book with the BeautyBound artwork. I'm shopping around for a publisher

for that, and we've had some discussions. I just want to make sure that I'm with a publisher who represents my image well, so I'm still shopping around. Also, we will be creating a line of instructional videos because not everyone can make it to my classes. I will always go and teach wherever I'm invited. But not everyone can make it in person, obviously. Everybody learns differently and it would nice for students to "take my class home" where they can take their time learning and see the demos over and over again. We want keep it sexy, with very real couples, doing the things I teach in class right on the video.

BBD: One last question: are kinky people more creative than the rest of the world?

MB: Absolutely. There comes a point when you realize there's more to sex than in and out, and kinky people are the ones who are constantly pushing the limits of that.

FDM: It is my entirely biased opinion that the stupid cannot do kinky sex well. It takes a very well-developed, hot, throbbing, gray matter between the ears and the ability to see beyond proto-primate sex to be good in bed and in the dungeon.

Copyright Babydoll



CONTACT INFO & WRITER BYLINE:

Beauty Bound can be experienced at
<http://www.beautybound.com>

Fetish Diva Midori is available for teaching and speaking engagements—geography is no obstacle.

She can be contacted at: Midori@FHP-inc.com

Her class list and schedule can be seen at

<http://www.FHP-inc.com>

Michael Blue can be contacted at:
michael@beautybound.com

Babydoll is a bondage model, performer and writer. She lives and works in San Francisco. Her website is www.babydollbound.com

TOM PORTA



Thirty differently-sized oils on canvas look like thirty close-ups: details of a body wrapped in jet-black rubber. Sultry looks, slightly open mouths peeking from the masks' blackness; hands and arms covered by long gloves, busts tightly wrapped in corsets; legs covered by a second black skin, dizzy stiletto heels. Sensuality is strongly hinted at. these are seduction-rich images, coming from a transgressive eroticism world to tickle the viewer's fantasies.

The past -as an illustrator and photographer- of Tom Porta, the only italian exponent of fetish art and culture, resurfaces in his choice of a photographic slant to these paintings.

The artist, in fact, paints elaborating his subjects from actual photo-shoots. The main protagonist here is sensation. Latex is a substance that doesn't attract sight alone: it also involves touch, in the impulse to feel it; smell, for its unmistakable scent; hearing, for the sound it produces upon contact. A sensorial experience transmitted by the artist through his paintings.

The canvasses can be bought online: www.tomporta.com
There you will find more of this excellent italian artist which I recommend and highly appreciate.
Buy his art now, before it will be too expensive..... you may regret it later.....

www.tomporta.com

TOM PORTA



FLESH, BLOOD, LOVE AND LUST

BY MASTER R.

There is this small dimple that I see when I look at her ass. It's in her left cheek. When my lips brush it, I swear I can taste it. There is another spot like that on her thigh. I know this is just my senses reeling and streaming, but still, this arousal created by having touch translate as taste is one of her many beauties. When I get the fragrance of the back of her neck, just behind the ear, it is something I can hear, some little voice of creation telling me to kiss. When I hear her moans of orgasm denied, I feel them, I feel them in my finger tips, without the slightest touching of her flesh.

This morning, I sit listening to the stream outside the window. It is full from all the rains. I hear the rushing of the waters and I wonder if the water could be as brilliant and invigorating as when I feel our liquids mingle. Earlier, before getting out of bed, I felt the sun hit my face. With my eyes still closed, that became the warmth of her flesh, covering my cheeks. I tried to taste that sunlight as I taste her, but found instead her lingering sweetness on my lip. Then, barely later, the coffee was infused with a slight bitterness, and it was easy to turn that into her flavor. The sweetness, the warmth, the tang, it all made me wish that the coffee had a sound, and then I could hear the brew, as it entered my mouth. It turned into the sound of her labia.

The phone rang way too soon. A minor annoyance. I heard it clearly ringing out, Oh Master, I am coming without permission. It was a sorrowful phone call.

As I walk down the road, I see a large flock of brightly colored birds. The flame of red and the coal blacks are the vision of the whips, as they moves against her breasts. They all sing to me. The rustling of the branches become the indent in her skin, the indent of the moment of contact. It is the indent of the lash, of my flesh on her flesh, of her eyes as they plead. I see her blindfolded at this moment, I feel the indent of her loss of sight on the leather. I can only hear the flock of birds now; all I see is the position of her tied. The argument of the birds is her straining to stay bound and to be released.

She is food for Master. Breakfast is a first bite. Luncheon is munch. Dinner is her scent, her taste, her glance, her barely audible sounds. Each taste is her tongue ingesting me. Each taste is my tongue dissolving her. Downstairs, she is waiting. I can scent the delicacy when I enter the house. I can taste the simmering. When I look at her tied like that, standing, arms so wide, moisture and arousal so tangible, I am breathing in thin air.

It takes six months to walk around her once. It takes nearly three hours for my hand to reach her face. Six days go by in her first shudder. I spend almost a year caressing her surface. Each bite requires a week. I have had her bound for at least three lifetimes. To untie her now would take an eternity.

Afternoon becomes a pool in which to dive. I look for exotic fish, for pearls, for rounded pebbles. The sunlight pierces through the waters, it is merely the overture. Twilight is a brief arbiter. Twice a day I can not tell if the sun is rising or setting. I can not tell if I am entering her or withdrawing. The night is never black enough. I still discern her outline.

When I see her like this, so tightly bound, I can taste her release, I can hear her long surrender. I can feel her flesh become hard as chain, and then transmute into clouds. Her bonds are ephemera, her marks are delight. The fountain of time could not emit a more seductive drink than the essence of the tear that I see on her cheek. I must mark her. It takes no implements.

She attempts to yield, forward into her shackles, straining to turn my thoughts into feelings. I am already all sensation. If I were to bite her neck, I would feel her toes. If I were to enter her with a touch, I would hold her totality. Her scent defines what I see, her sounds offer me visions.

My rope has become a fence around a pasture. My whips are the sound of the guitar, Spanish and impassioned. My dungeon is a transformation. Even the eight level stairs descending have become metaphor. My leather is the scent of mountaintops. My palm is a world.

She hangs in her chains. It is a measured release. I press against her. It is all restraint. I taste her dimple with my caress. I fill my hands with her hair and her eyes become a buccaneer's treasure, a pirate's hoard. I squeeze her sex. It would be brutality, but instead it is unmeasured time.

Ah, romance! The truth is that I love to hear her scream as the whips bite her flesh. When I smell her neck, I smell her sex. When I run my fingertips hard across her flesh, I love the feeling of her skin collecting under my fingernails. When I measure our time, I don't use minutes, I use sensation. When I put her in restraints, I see flesh and blood and love and lust. Her orgasms are not rivulets or streams or even truths revealed.. My dinner is not her being devoured. My twilight is not a short arbiter. My whips are not guitars.

My slave is my slave, my palm is her world. I breathe rich air, full and inspiring. I trust my senses, they are often reliable. My coffee is sweet and hot and liquid.



ARNE JAHN



ARNE JAHN



ARNE JAHN



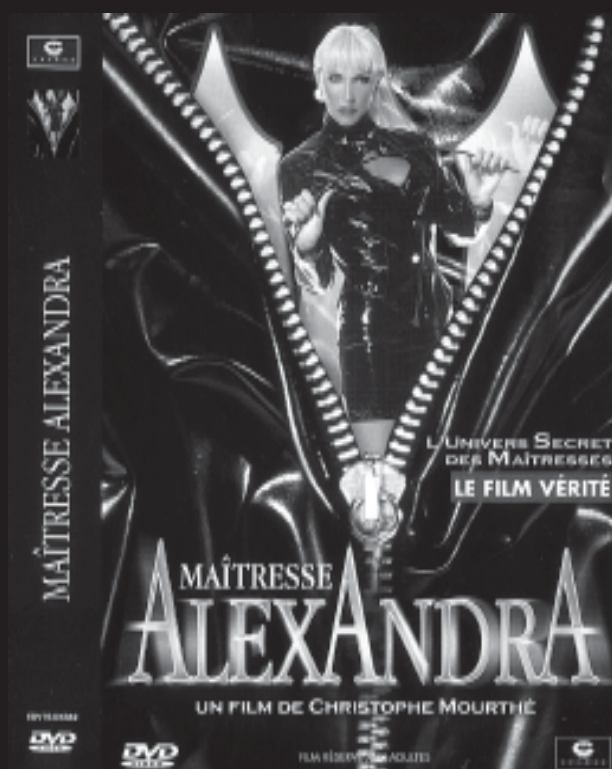
ARNE JAHN



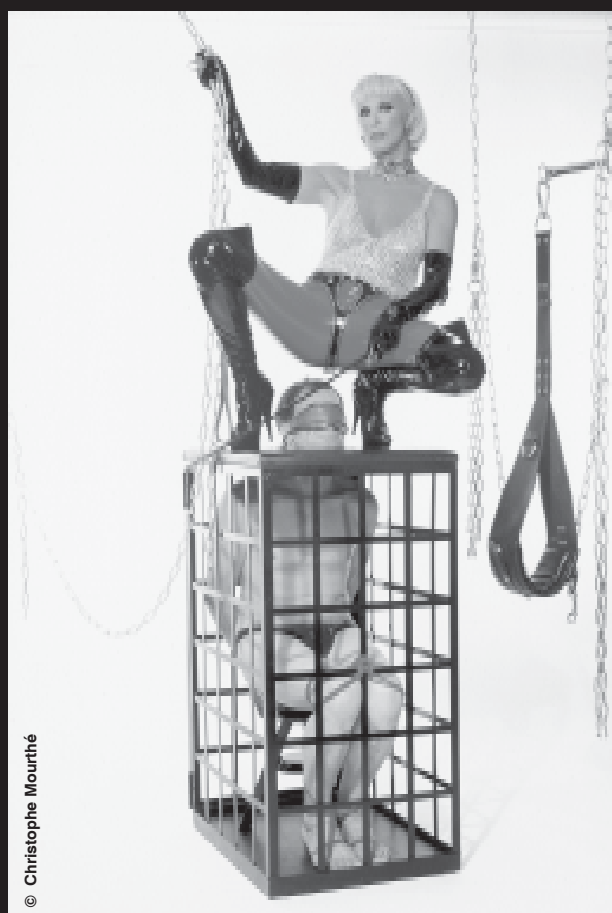


Maîtresse Alexandra





© Christophe Mourthé



© Christophe Mourthé

Maîtresse Alexandra

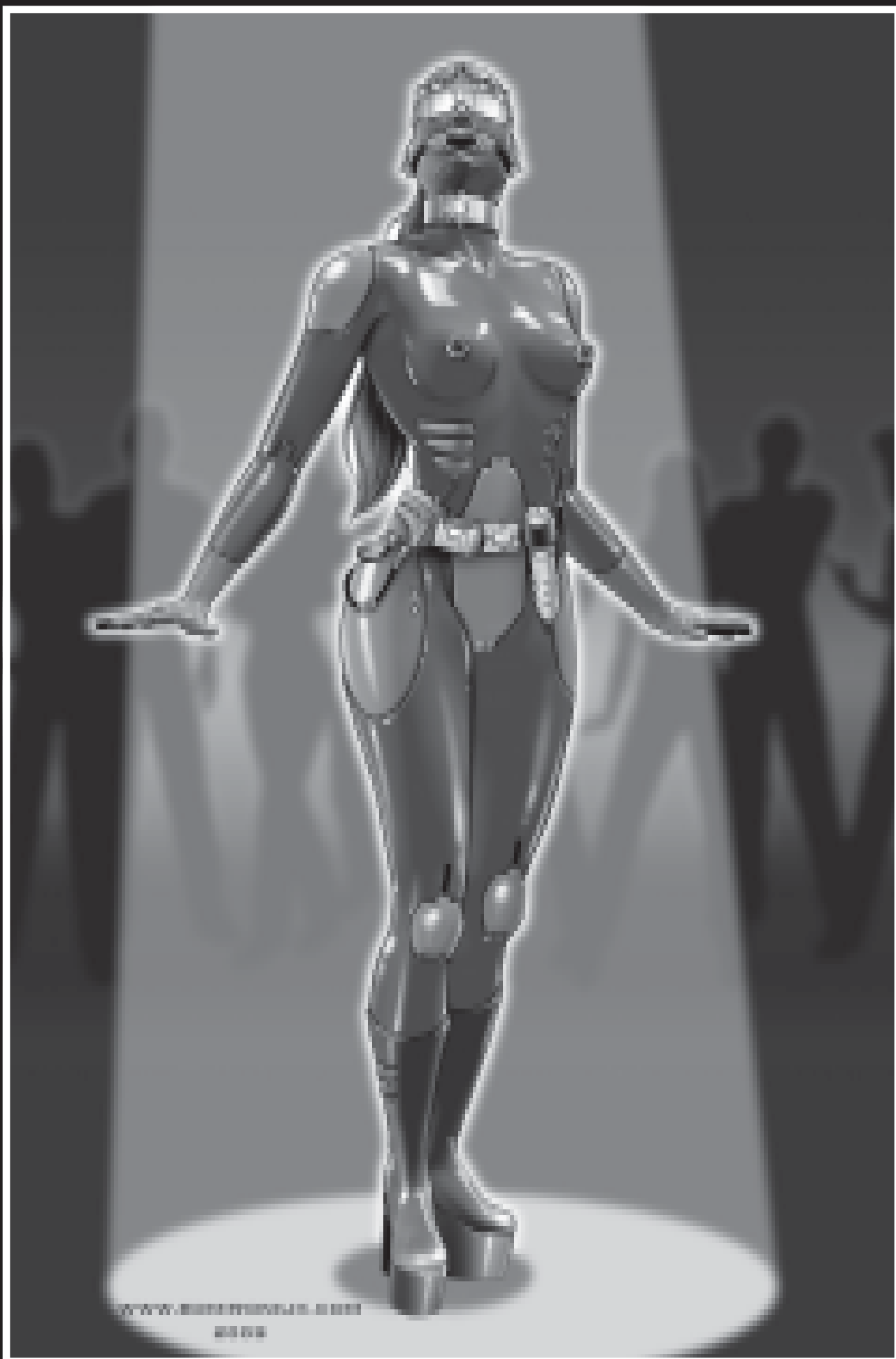
When a talented photographer like Christophe Mourthé hooks up with an even more talented dominatrix like Maîtresse Alexandra, you know you are in for a spin!

In this highly stylish DVD you can see Maîtresse Alexandra practising her skills on her more than willing, murmuring slaves. Again, Christophe's eye for detail, close-up shots mingled with a mysterious music and atmosphere make this DVD an absolute must. As an extra bonus you get the Boutique Minuit video for free !

Order your copy at the Secret office or on our website!
Price 50 euro/us\$

Excellent presentation: this DVD/video released by Colmax is a real beauty.

www.maitresse-alexandra.com
www.christophemourthe.com
www.SecretMag.com



The Machine

by
Raven Kaldera

When Maxine Kent first graduated from MIT and moved in with her boyfriend, another engineer from her class, she discovered that he actually had a rubber sex doll in his closet. It was still in the box, he explained sheepishly, and had been given as a gag gift by some friends. Not sure what to do with it, he'd stuffed it into the back of a closet and forgotten about it.

While he was gone to work, she pulled the doll out and blew it up with a bicycle pump. It was amazingly ugly, with its wide-open mouth, but she was fascinated. She thrust her fingers into its holes, front and back, but they were dry and she wondered how it could possibly feel good to a man. Then she reached for the lube and squirted some in each hole; that was an improvement. She grabbed a shampoo bottle and proceeded to sodomize the helpless doll, just to see what it looked like. Then she lay down next to it and masturbated. When she finally got the gumption up to tell her boyfriend that she wanted to watch him fuck the doll, he became upset. The next day the doll disappeared from the closet; he'd disposed of it. They broke up soon after that. He complained about how she would just lie there during sex, doing nothing. It made him feel like a rapist, he said. Maxine dated a lot of people, and read a lot of science fiction. In her masturbatory fantasies, she was an androidal sex robot, programmed to be whatever was required. She was sleek and metallic, but contained surprising areas that were soft and wet. She collected art that featured female robots and taped them to the walls of her room. It was easily disguisable as an average science fiction art collection. After all, she was an engineer.

It became her personal fetish-not so much the robot, but what she symbolized. Being nothing but a set of passive, willing holes, being nothing at all but what was wanted by the human you were to serve. She played with dominants, but the whole slave routine seemed too ... human. They always wanted you to cry, struggle, or show some human emotion. They weren't interested in helping her to find out how far toward nothing she could get, although a few thrilled her by talking about her to other dommes at parties as if she didn't exist. It made her wet. The more she was treated as an object, the wetter she got. Sitting perfectly still for a long time, naked, imagining herself as a pleasure 'hot waiting for an absent master, could make her so hot she could almost come. Sometimes she would sit on a large dildo for hours, seeing how long she could wait like that, not moving, before her body finally gave in and climaxed.

It wasn't until she met Janus that she found someone who understood her. She found Janus sitting enthroned in her wheelchair at a play party, staring out over the various writhing revelers with the ennui of an intelligent mind set to watch cattle. The woman's legs might be puny, but her arms and shoulders bulged from her black tank top. Her hair was cut close in a dark cap, shaved on the sides. Maxine had been wearing spandex, of a metallic silver,

and her face had been painted silver. She had shaved off her eyebrows and drawn them higher on her forehead. Unfortunately, her look had proved too strange for most of the people at the party, and they had avoided her. Then, while she had been watching a

flogging by an exceptionally harsh mistress, a voice had said, almost in her ear, "If you really want to pull off that look, you should shave your head."

Maxine had turned her head, and there was Janus, snuck up behind her even in that wheelchair, eyes burning at her. A thrill ran through her, but she responded completely deadpan, to see what the woman might do. "Long hair is more feminine," she said. "I am still a female being." Janus sat back, playing the game of cool top. "Then shave off most of it," she said, nodding at Maxine's thick, buttlenght hair. "Leave a ponytail to hang down. It'll look more..."

"Robotic?" asked Maxine dryly.

"Constructed," said Janus, and Maxine's heart pounded. "I'll do it for you, if you like," she went on, and that was the beginning.

Janus couldn't feel anything below the waist, but she could still come. For her, an orgasm was mental-all produced by what she was doing. She put Maxine through training more rigorous and intense than her simple masturbation exercises, videotaping her from the next room for hours while Maxine responded to commands, or sat unmoving. "You moved when you came," Janus would point out, running the tape back later. "You threw your head back. You'll have to work on that." She understood immediately that this wasn't about a deep urge to give service. This was just about what made Maxine wet.

By the time they created the "Suit," Maxine could have multiple orgasms in any position without appearing to move an external muscle, although her nether regions still spasmed. It was breathtakingly sexy, the things that Janus commanded her to do, but there were still things she needed that Janus couldn't give her, and that's when they plotted the anonymous

fuck scenarios. Janus was willing to have men over-of Maxine's choice, or hers, or even strangers-to fuck Maxine, as long as she could watch through the cameras in the next room, but Maxine didn't want anyone who would recognize her on the street a week later. A disguise was in order, but it would have to be really good, and impenetrable.

That's when Machine was born. They felt like two kids plotting a practical joke as they had the custom latex suit made and bought the hardware, the cameras and microphone, all with Janus's computer-job money. Janus would sit at the control station and watch through Machine's eyes while Machine went out and got fucked anonymously by some random male. "It'll be like I'm the

computer, and you're the remote drone," she said, and then threw Maxine across her lap and stuck her hand practically all the way up the woman's willing pussy. "I'll be there watching, talking to you, telling you what a slut you are, and the guy banging you will never know."

On the day that Machine got arrested, Janus had bought her a ticket into an exclusive S/M party given at a hotel by some rich Euro-groupies. To get ready, they met three hours before the party started: Machine took a long time to put together.

Finally, Janus grinned at her fiercely. "You ready?"

"Absolutely." She smiled and bent to kiss her lover; Janus grabbed her in a strong hug and kissed her briefly but passionately. Maxine went to her knees in front of the wheelchair; its footrests dug into her knees, but it didn't matter. She covered Janus's boots with kisses, knowing that she couldn't feel it, but seeing it was what counted. The domme stroked Maxine's smooth scalp, shaved by Janus that first night and maintained ever since. A single thick waist-length ponytail streamed from the crown of her head, and Janus grabbed hold of it, forcing her face up to be kissed again. Then she let go, and Maxine took a deep breath, stilled herself inwardly, and prepared to become Machine.

Everything was laid out-the latex suit, the headgear, the tool belt. She stood up and stripped off her clothing. She removed her nipple rings, then laid them aside, next removing the two rings in each earlobe. Then she shook out the black latex bodysuit and found the neck hole, just behind the attached hood.

First her feet went through the neck hole, down through the pile of latex, and into the attached thick-heeled boots. Padded with cushioning, they were as comfortable as four-inch heels could be. Then she pulled the skintight latex over her legs, up over her pelvis, and over her breasts. Her arms went into the sleeves until her hands slid into the attached gloves, and she settled it on her shoulders. Now there was only the hood, hanging forward over her chest. Maxine found the two sets of parallel holes in the rubber, lined up the piercings on her own nipples, and started working her rings back through. Janus reached out and ran a hand up her smooth black leg, up to her crotch. Hanging between her thighs were two limp black latex tubes, like snakes, about ten inches long; these were placed directly over her cunt and ass. Maxine had insisted on them. She hadn't wanted to touch the flesh of the men she fucked. She wanted to be completely insulated from them.

"Bend over," said Janus throatily, and Machine did, spreading her legs further. Out with the other equipment were a dildo and a buttplug; Janus turned the rubber tubes inside out, starting at the tips, and pushed them up inside Machine with her fingers. One in her cunt, one in her ass-like heavyduty female condoms; Maxine had already lubed them thoroughly. She made a tiny noise as Janus worked the rear tube far up past her sphincter, and then bit her tongue to keep quiet. The domme added more lube to both holes, and worked the dildo and assplug in. Wires trailed from both, to be jacked into the power supply on the tool belt.

The hood went over her head, the holes lined up with eyes, nostrils, and mouth, and the ponytail went through the hole at the crown. She knelt and let Janus lock on the metal collar that hid the slit at the back of the neck, and then bolt on the visor that covered her eyes completely. A row of camera lenses decorated the metal headband, and

an earplug with a small mic was tucked into her ear by reaching through an eyehole, and her earrings were put back in through the latex. The tool belt was strapped around her hips-it carried her battery pack, tubes of lube, ID, and cards-and all the wires were jacked into it, anchoring the dildos and the hardware. The frame encircled her head horizontally and vertically, giving her the robot-look that she wanted. Janus held up the gag, the final piece of Machine. "Machines have no voice," she said. It was her way of giving her lover one final chance to back out. The gag was something else Maxine had insisted on; no matter how many times Janus had fucked her mouth with a dildo, she had not been able to control her gag reflex entirely; had not been able to remain impassive. Her cocksucking abilities were not up to robot standards, so she had decided to eliminate the awkward possibility of being asked. Like all her equipment, the gag was high-tech; the rubber piece filled her mouth, custom-fitted to her teeth and jaw, and had a small tube through the middle for rehydration. The metal straps locked into the headgear. Janus tucked the keys into her jacket pocket, and Machine was ready to go.

"Amazing what a couple of girl geeks can think up," said Janus, grinning wickedly and donning her own headset with mic and video display. "Now get out there and rack up some points, honey."

The party was the essence of S/M, reinterpreted as "stand and model," Machine thought as she meandered through the crowd. Her movements were all trained, deliberate, the sort of moves a well-made android might evidence. Janus had made her stand in front of a mirror for hours and practice. People stared at her, some smiled and nodded, but mostly they got drunk on expensive mixed drinks and flirted desperately with the professional dommes and the richest-looking people present. She paused at the food table; the dim sum looked good, but machines didn't eat, and anyway there was no way to get it into her mouth.

"Nice costume," remarked a voice behind her. She turned to look at him, swiveling her head slowly, as if it were on a rotor. The young man was several years younger than she, wearing jeans, a ripped T-shirt, and orange-dyed hair. "He'll do," said Janus's voice in her ear. She reached into a case on her tool belt and handed him her card-watching while he read it and his face changed. He looked up at her, warily. Men never believed it when a woman offered herself sexually without charging them, financially or emotionally. There was always a catch, or the risk that a woman would see them as a predator. "Is this for real?" For an answer, she turned around and bent over the information table, her nipple rings pressed against the piles of pamphlets and flyers advertising various parties and conventions, and spread her ass cheeks with her hands. She knew that this was giving him a great view of the twin plugs in her holes, which was the point. "Wow!" he breathed. "You really are for real."

"No, you moron," Janus said sarcastically. "She's totally artificial, can't you tell? Oh, well, he's an idiot, but maybe he can fuck." Machine bit her tongue; robots didn't giggle. She could tell he wanted her, his erection was already showing through his pants. It didn't matter that she didn't have a perfect figure-that her thighs were a bit chubby, that her face was pudgy and unattractive, that she usually wore thick glasses and talked engineering. When she was Machine, men wanted her.

The kid looked around, quickly, and then grabbed her by her arm and pulled her around behind the expensive fabric screening that blocked the main party room from the stacks of chairs in the hall. "Come on in here. We can do it-" He sat down in an abandoned chair and fumbled with his zipper; she stood quietly, waiting for him. His hands were shaking. When he had finally extracted his cock-which, she was pleased to see, was actually getting hard-Machine straddled his lap, reached up between her thighs, and extracted the dildo from her cunt. It came out with a sucking sound and left a strangely hollow feeling, which she remedied by slowly lowering herself onto his cock. "Oh, baby," he moaned as she sank onto him. "Oh, yeah, baby, that's so good." She knew that it would feel entirely inhuman to his questing dick-as rubbery as a lubed Accujac, yet with the warmth of a human being. His hands found her breasts, squeezed them almost absently, and then he gasped and started as Janus, back in her control room, activated the vibrator in Machine's buttplug. He thrust up into her, hard, and a wave of orgasm overtook her. Her body and training held up, though, and she kept moving without breaking rhythm or twitching a muscle. "Hey, John, what are you-" Another young man, this one with blue hair, and only on the left side, looked into the room. He broke off when he saw how his friend was occupied. "Jesus! Sorry, John. But are you sure you wanna do that here? I know jasmine's lenient, but-" "Come on over." Orange Hair's voice was breathless. "She's some kinda sex robot, and she'll fuck anybody. It's OK, just do it quick." He reached around and lifted Machine's ass, and the other kid was there in a second, struggling with his zipper. She tipped forward, accommodatingly, and let him pull the still-buzzing assplug out of her. Back at the control center, Janus grunted something and turned it off; it died in his hand and he dropped it, blinking.

"Just do it!" Orange Hair hissed. "Quit foolin' around. I'm gonna come in about two seconds."

Blue Hair got his dick out and put it at the entrance to her lube-slick rear hole; she lifted herself partway off Orange Hair's cock, braced her legs, and pushed backward onto him. It hurt, even loose as she was from wearing the assplug for an hour, and she bit hard into her gag to keep from flinching. After a minute or two both cocks settled into her, slowly sliding back and forth, rubbing against each other through a layer of flesh and two layers of thick rubber; she felt her arousal coming back. *I am an object, she told herself, helping it along. I am a fuckdoll, made to be used, being used. Being used, I'm nothing.* It helped. So did Blue Hair's fingers, reaching around her smooth black torso and anchoring his fingers in her nipple rings. Then Orange Hair began to speed up his strokes, and cried out, coming. Fortunately the music was loud. Blue Hair's come, a few moments later, was as teeth-gritted-silent as her own second orgasm, but he slammed into her ass so hard that she was knocked forward against the panting Orange Hair.

It was over, for the moment. Taking a deep breath, she pushed upward with her leg muscles-she had great leg muscles, from bike riding-and extracted herself from both men as gracefully as possible. She inserted the dildo and assplug back into herself as efficiently and unflinchingly as she could, although her flesh was tender and swollen from the fucking. They served an additional purpose now of keeping their come from dripping out of her rubber-slick inner passages and running down her legs. A real robot would come with some sort of internal suction and

a reservoir to be emptied later, she thought. When she lifted her visored gaze, both men were staring at her as if she was the biggest freak in the world.

"Morons," muttered Janus in her ear. Machine agreed, but they had served their purpose. As props in her fantasy, they had done reasonably well. She had used them, in her own way, even more than they had used her. Turning her back, she walked away toward the noise of the party, before either of them did anything stupid, like ask to see her again.

Another man approached her; she recognized him vaguely as someone who had used her before, at another party. "Machine!" he exclaimed. "How nice to see you here." He looked around to find a good place; they all did, as soon as they decided that they wanted her. "Let's go across the street to my hotel room," he said, holding out a hand.

"Do it," said Janus, and so she went. Except that as soon as they were across the street, her new companion stopped suddenly, said, "Oh, hell," and took off. She looked around in confusion, and saw a police officer coming toward them, a suspicious look on his face.

Then the cop had stopped her, and she had gone to give him the card that said "I am going to a costume party," but she didn't have it, and the other cards, the ones she'd been giving out at the party, fell out of her tool belt and scattered. He picked one up, read it, and stared at her with such a look on his face that she knew exactly what was coming. Janus knew it too. "Aw, shit," she heard the voice say in her ear. "Honey, just go along with him. I'll get you out of this. Be right back." Then the mic went dead, and she turned her back on the cop, putting her hands behind her to be cuffed. It was the proper thing to do.

This text was pulled out the book :
BEST FETISH EROTICA by Cara Bruce.

I received it from Turnaround distribution and I read it with delight. It's fresh and I recognized some of the hilarious scene's I've seen when friends play and it's witty and kinky. It's a brainfuck and excellent reading.

It's published by Cleis Press and distributed by Turnaround. All information to:
orders@turnaround-uk.com

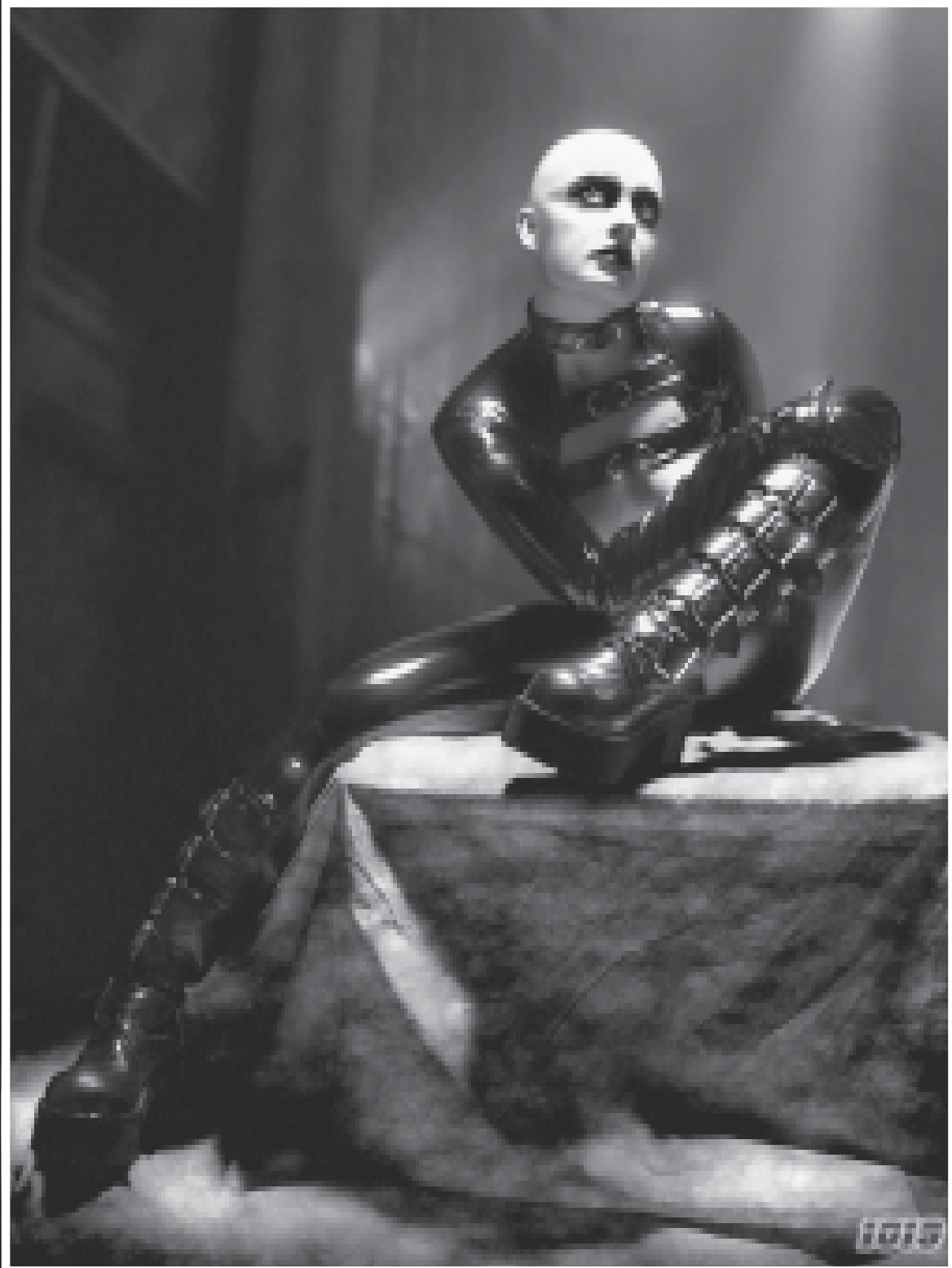
The special artwork was made by

ED MIRONIUK

Who has a great talent and wants to see more of his excellent artwork published. Contact him:

www.EdMironiuk.com

ALIDRA



Model: Audra - Title: Nexus 7: Waiting for the Caller © 2003-2004 Jeffrey Scott (1019)

1019

ALIDRA



Model: Audra - Title: Love Rises from the Carnage Victorious ©2003-2004 Jeffery Scott (1019)

I'm going to cocoon you in my shrouded silk cloak of nocturnal ambiguities...as I blindfold you with my ebony veil of obscurity, shutting out any semblance of twisted sanity you may believe you once possessed, I pinion your flailing arms above your brazen head, securing your wrists with a grotesque machination of skin and rubber, adorning them with my steel kisses in the wake of your soul's unraveling before me. Your fingers can grasp at nothing but air, bringing you a strange solace to your confusion. I spread your restless legs in eager anticipation of my ritualistic cleansing to bring salvation onto an essence marred by cobwebs of mediocrity and lavish disappointments. A smirk escapes my crimson lips as I restrain each pale thigh and ankle to the firmament which you no longer recognize. Your sense of time and place is distorted, unidentifiable, woolly....as I am the one who now controls it. Put your worries and reservations to rest, my dear, for I bring you a new-fangled, pristine existence. Ages ago in a homogeneous world you flatlined. I descended upon a lifeless, disenchanted shell, the azure dye having bled out long ago from his eyes. I embraced you, and now you lay spread-eagled, tethered, at attention, offering yourself to my enigmatic, velvety, taut-nipple breasted, tight stomach, shaved, hungry psyche. Take my hand with your mind, and I will guide you down the spiraling, sprawling inferno through my guttural depths to breathe a heartbeat back into you that matches the strength of mine. I will take you away from this mockery of a life...if you think you can handle it. Oh, and just ignore my horns.

Fetish Model Audra



Model: Audra - Title: Self-Made Beauty: Surgery Addict #1 ©2003-2004 Jeffery Scott (1019)

A whisper, a glance, a thought-provoked stare.

Incriminating eyes I turn back towards you in hopes of violently
penetrating your most vulnerable orifice, filling the void of
morality inside you with utter devastation.

You brought about this ecocide.

You walked into my being and proceeded to tarnish its
gleam with your oxidation greedy of lust. Any hope I had
left you dismembered and discarded its ash in your
icy waters of betrayal.

With your blunted, rusty butcher knife you etched a
scarlet letter on my innocence and minced every
passion I could ever fathom into your languid,
lackluster stew of mediocrity....

....never to stir, only to sit, until it cooled enough
to be eaten by apathy.

Where once in each of my windows a short, white
candle once burned, illuminating the trail of
jubilation hidden amongst the thicket of deception,
you extinguished the guides, one by one, and now
nothing inside me can find its way home.

I had worked so hard to build this elegant
house of infinite cards, but with one breath
you leveled it into a jumbled chaos of red
and black.

How dare you even cast a glance in my
direction? What right do you possess?

With my own two hands I constructed a
sturdy bridge of oak. For years I spent
endless, scorching days out here
building, my hands raw and crimson
from the splinters lodged in my flesh,
persevering the agony to construct a
wonderous masterpiece.

You stood on the other shore
calculating, and with the flick of a
single match, you burned it all down to
the
very ashes it had once from arisen. Your
hollow, hideous, menacing laugh resonating
amongst the flames, I watched my very
essence disintegrate into a wisp of
charcoal.

Now I am stone.



Model: Audra - Title: Inner Beauty: New Model Rebirth ©2003-2004 Jeffery Scott (1019)



AUDRA

Where does it all begin? The perplexities, the nightmares, the fascinations, and the oddities have been an integral part of me ever since I can remember. I grew up a tomboy in a rural town outside of Chicago as the boisterous daughter of two Eastern European parents. My father was in the medical field and my mother was a soprano opera singer, the left brain and the right brain, so the arts and the sciences were both innate parts of me. When I wasn't climbing trees and exploring the chemical properties of Ectoplasm, I was modeling, playing the piano, and acting. I was granted so much freedom to explore, even if I didn't understand all of what was happening. I know I really liked balloons...and I don't mean like other children liking to play with them and bat them around, but I REALLY liked them-to smell them, to rub my hands in them, to stretch them out over my fingers...it was almost an obsession. Though at such a young age I didn't understand why I was so drawn to latex, I knew I could not part with it. I was able to see and feel things so well vicariously, that I was published at age 12 after having written a poem about the anguish and torture my ancestors went through in a communist society. Though I put modeling on hold throughout high school and college to pursue four competitive varsity sports, the writing continued sporadically, impulsively. A burst of emotion would explode, and I'd spew out short pieces on notebook paper, my computer, cocktail napkins...whatever was around that I could possibly write with or on. I have always been one who allows herself to feel the highest highs and lowest lows to gain a full perspective of her surroundings.

Today, by professional career I am a high-standing accounting professional working in the not-for-profit industry-my left brain. By nights and weekends I explore eroticism through creating visual imagery via various media-my right brain. I am an artistic fetish model, having finally understood and embraced my fixations with latex. I am also a writer, working on a sequential art book that will mesh my writings with various photographers' interpretations of them, seeking publication sometime in late 2004 or early 2005.

My art is merely a reflection of my everyday lifestyle....I live it, I breathe it, I bathe in it, and most importantly, I feel it.

Contact here at: : audra_gaizak@yahoo.com

Website: http://www.onemodelplace.com/model_list.cfm?ID=24945

<http://www.musecube.com/gwarskitty/>

<http://www.gwarskitty.com>

Jeffery Scott's site: <http://mysite.verizon.net/res0prb3/index.html>

Bryan Regan's site: <http://www.breganphoto.com>

Perry Gallagher's site: <http://www.perrygallagherphotography.com>





MY SECRET PAST

BY SLAVE DOVE

My 1st exposure to Secret Magazine was a pilfered copy of Issue 13. Early 1998, oh my God was it really 5, almost 6 years ago? I was such an innocent back then, a novice, new to the BDSM lifestyle. A door to the deepest secret chamber of my soul had been unlocked a mere 8 months earlier and I was enthralled with every erotic, scary and submissive aspect of domination, submission and sadomasochistic practices.

I was a single gal with an anorexic budget and there was no way I could justify the cover price. Those were the days I used my tea bags twice and if I couldn't eat it, or brush my teeth with it I didn't buy it. In all fairness, I didn't actually "steal" my first copy of Secret, although I admit to not returning the magazine to its rightful owner.

Some Dom guy, who had designs on me, dropped by with the magazine, a bag of organic popcorn and a Sobe herbal drink. I watched him with disgusted fascination as popcorn missed his mouth, bounced off his enormous belly and tumbled onto my carpet. I couldn't help but wonder if he just didn't notice the falling kernels or if it was some sort of Dom thing that I hadn't yet heard of. It may have been my less than enthusiastic response to his "Domly" conversation, which consisted of flying popcorn and boasting (most likely it was because he ran out of popcorn) but he soon left.

In his wake was an empty Sobe bottle, a trail of popcorn and Secret Magazine #13. I cleaned up the organic popcorn trail and tossed the empty bottle and then noticed the forgotten magazine. One look at the cover and I thought, "Ok, this is worth every disgusting pig-like crunch and dropped kernel." I was afraid he would remember he left the magazine behind and return for it. So I quietly hid with my newly acquired Secret Magazine Issue #13 in the bedroom behind drawn drapes and locked doors.

I remember staring, spellbound by the cover the image. I absorbed and savored every exquisite detail. Mesmerized by the scuffed ballet slippers I thought, "Those slippers are actually hers, they fit her feet, she actually wears them, dances in them." And the black stockings, real stockings, snagged, but with perfectly straight seams. I wondered if they were snagged from dancing or from bondage and felt aroused over the idea of it being from the bondage. I ran my finger

over the image as if I expected to feel the texture of pristine white rope that bound her so attractively, and like Alice through the looking glass, it was I, delightfully bound and beautiful.

Shortly after my love affair with the images in Secret I actually read it. On a 12-hour flight from LA to London I read every article. I actually took notes, cross my heart I took notes. Someone was talking about things I had yet to understand to the point of articulation.

They understood it and as I read their words I began to understand more clearly. Their words explained what was happening inside me as I continued on my personal path into submission. To this day I remember point by point the fine ritualistic art of properly putting on stockings. I was delighted that it actually mattered to someone else besides me.

It's remarkable and mystical how the pathway of our life meanders, twists and finally connects in ways we would never expect. Five years later not only do I still have that copy of my 1st love, the illicit, Secret Magazine Issue #13, I am also in Issue #2. 5 years ago as I lay across my bed, my finger tracing over each detail, I fell in love with the art and beauty of bondage photography. I never dreamed I would be a part of an art form that unveils with one image more than any alliance of clever words compiled by the most brilliant communicators could hope too.

Peter's photo on the cover of issue #13 spoke a message that took me years to define. In the beginning, I liked it, what else mattered. There was a message that I gleaned from the well-worn scuffed slippers and the snagged black stockings. They symbolized the imperfections of our humanness while the pristine ropes created yet another symbol of the perfection achieved through submission.

Perhaps I'm the only one that saw it this way. It doesn't matter. My point is Fetish Art has a depth far greater than erotic satisfaction. He who has eyes let him see.

Slave Dove

© 2008

Did Secret Magazine change your life?
Tell me all about it... I want to know.

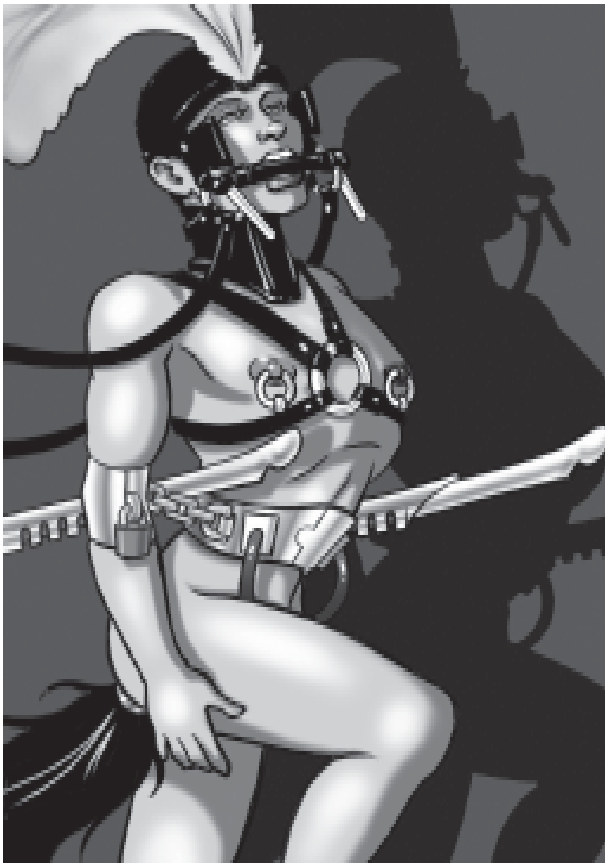
BASIC TRAINING 3: HORSE PLAY

By Debs Tapper

As the pony trap swept towards him, the wheels making a soft, hissing sound on the smooth floor, Siggi Weiss just stood where he was, right in the middle of the corridor; forgetting to get out of the way, forgetting to kneel, forgetting everything as it approached.

It was a light construction of steel and leather and huge narrow wheels supporting a luxurious double seat upholstered in dark blue velvet, but it was the two ponies that made Siggi gasp and stare. Up until that point, he hadn't seen any other males apart from the four hairless men who had tagged him and fitted him with the restraining belt when he first arrived a few weeks ago – now all that had changed.

The woman driving the trap tugged on the reins, bringing the vehicle to a halt, and sat looking down at him curiously. Her short red dress was nothing more than two moulded strips of scarlet rubber held in place by a ladder-work of straps and buckles and her boots had spiteful wheeled spurs at the ankles, but Siggi barely noticed her; he was too busy staring at the two ponyboys harnessed to the trap.



They were tall – much taller than he was – their height increased by the outlandish footwear that encased their legs from the ankle downwards, forcing the men to walk almost on their toes. The boots were shaped like hooves and fitted with steel horseshoes; locked metal bands prevented them from being removed. Siggi thought the punishing boots must be almost impossible to walk in, but the two ponyboys had been going at a brisk trot before he got in their way. They were both exceptionally handsome – a matched pair in their early twenties with cropped black hair, pierced nipples and sleek muscles, their brief harnesses displaying their bodies to perfection. Their arms were fastened to their sides by broad metal hoops that wrapped around their elbows and were locked to the heavy belts around their waists. Siggi noticed the belts had massive D-rings on either side, locking the men together and securing them between the shafts of the trap by a complex series of traces. Thin silver strips snaked down on either side of their bellies, linking into the metal cages containing their dicks and balls, then disappeared between their legs and locked into the back of the belts. Their heavy collars were far more decorative than the one Siggi wore around his own neck and their heads were enclosed in stylish plumed bridles complete with blinkers and rubber bits, but what made Siggi stare were their long glossy tails, jutting from between the muscular buttocks; it took him a moment to realise they were just false tails held in place with a butt plug like the one on his restraining belt.

"And who are you?"

Siggi suddenly remembered where he was and knelt down quickly, bowing his head down until his blond hair was brushing the floor. "SW12, Supreme Sister," he said.

"And why are you blocking my way, SW12?"

"I-I'm sorry, Supreme Sister," Siggi said, stammering a little as he realised he was going to be in serious trouble.

"I didn't mean to – I was just looking at your ponies..."

"Were you now?" Her voice was rich and throaty, like melted chocolate dripping over knives. "Who do you belong to, SW12?"

"I'm still being trained, Supreme Sister."

"Then who is your Trainer?"

"Mistress Cybele, Supreme Sister."

"Cybele..." He had the feeling the woman was smiling.

"My dear friend Cybele. Stand up, SW12."

Siggi stood up, keeping his eyes on the ground and trembling as she looked at him. He felt vulnerable and aroused, naked but for his collar and the punitive restraining belt that encased his genitals. "I'm sorry, Supreme Sister," he whispered.

"I didn't give you permission to speak." The smile was still there in her voice, and it was cruel. "What a fascinating little animal you are, SW12. I shall have to ask Cybele more about you. Here –" She threw a leash down at his feet. "Put that on. Attach it to the leading-ring at the back of my trap."

"Please pardon my transgressions, Supreme Sister." Siggie stared at the scarlet leather leash curling against his bare toes and swallowed hard. He had rushed through his rigorous physical cleansing that morning and struggled back into the restraining belt, determined not to be late again. "I'm on my way to my training cell, and my Trainer will be angry with me if I'm not on time –"

The tip of her driving whip cut across his shoulder, making him cry out in pain.

"Then you shouldn't have got in my way," the woman



purred, curling the whip again.

Siggie bent down and picked up the scarlet leash, snapping one end to his collar and locking the other to the leading-ring. The woman flicked the driving whip against the ponyboys' buttocks and they set off at a smart trot, dragging an unhappy Siggie after them.

"Nemesis... my dear Sister! Mounting-block!" Cybele snapped her fingers and a naked man scurried across to the trap and knelt down beside it, wincing as the woman called Nemesis stepped down from the driving seat and onto his bare back, her spike-heeled boots gouging his skin.

"Cybele..." The Supreme Sisters embraced and kissed with obvious passion, while the ponyboys fidgeted in their traces and Siggie stood behind the trap with his head bowed, stealing glances at the two gorgeous females from under his long eyelashes. Cybele was dressed in her usual shiny black rubber catsuit and towering heels, her black hair twisted into a long plait that snaked down over the bold swell of her left breast: Nemesis lifted the plait with a teasing look in her eye and pressed it to her lips, then cupped both Cybele's breasts and squeezed her nipples until they pressed against the glossy rubber.

"I've missed you," she purred.

They were in the Welcoming Chamber, a vast hall completely new to Siggie and filled with more people than he had realised existed in this strange world beneath the city, living in defiance of the strict laws of the Confederacy and the Morality Police. As the pony trap had passed through the security grids he caught a glimpse of the assembled Supreme Sisters lounging on padded human furniture, the men's bodies twisted into awkward shapes and encased in latex and leather. A few of the women had pets kneeling at their feet, their faces hidden by animal masks; more men knelt by the far wall, their heads touching the floor.

Siggie risked another look, beginning with Nemesis' scarlet boots. He kissed and licked the stilt-like heels in his imagination and shuddered when he saw the spurs, his balls tingling and contracting in pleasure as he pictured her riding astride his back, goading him with the sharp spikes. His gaze travelled up her long bare legs, feasting on the banquet of exposed flesh. One slender leg pressed against Cybele's thigh, sliding over the slippery rubber, a sigh of contentment escaping her lips as Cybele slipped a hand between the scarlet strips of her dress and caressed her bare skin – Siggie stared at the straps holding the dress together and realised she must completely naked underneath.

Abruptly both women's heads turned towards him, the blank mirrored visors over their eyes winking in the light. "Did that animal of yours just moan, Cybele?" Nemesis asked.

Siggie ducked his head, his cheeks flaring, his hard dick trying to force its way out of the enclosing metal cup.

"My animal?" Siggie knew she was looking at him and blushed even redder.

"SW12. I found it loitering in a corridor and decided to take charge of it." Nemesis ran her fingers over Cybele's firm buttocks, caressing the rounded mounds. "It's quite an attractive specimen, isn't it?"

"It's a disobedient nuisance only fit for the menial pens." Cybele kissed Nemesis again then stepped out of her embrace and walked towards Siggie, her high heels going click-click-click on the Chamber floor.

Siggie was on his knees before she reached him, bowing his head down as far as he could, the scarlet leash almost strangling him.

"You're late for your training, SW12," Cybele said coldly.

"You should be on your knees in your training cell right now, waiting for me – so perhaps you'd like to tell me why you're here instead?" She tapped one heel on the floor.

"You may speak."

"Forgive me, Mistress Cybele!" Siggie begged, gulping back tears. "I was on my way to my training cell when I saw Mistress Nemesis' pony trap coming down the corridor, and I – I..."

"Yes? Don't try my patience, SW12 – answer my question!"

"I just stopped and stared, Mistress Cybele – I couldn't help it."

"Of course you could. This is just another example of your disobedience, SW12. Mistress Nemesis is an important visitor – and a personal friend of mine. Did you kneel and submit to her with the humility and obedience that is the right of any Supreme Sister?"

"No, Mistress Cybele," Siggie whispered.

"No?"

"I was distracted, Mistress Cybele." Siggie huddled against the trap. "I failed to get out of her way and forced her to stop her pony trap."

"You hindered a Supreme Sister? That's an extremely serious transgression, SW12 – one that carries a large number of demerits." Her voice had a severity that Siggie found hopelessly arousing and he cowered down in delicious fear, wondering what his punishment would be. "What distracted you?"

"The Supreme Sister's ponies, Mistress Cybele." Siggie's answer was barely audible.

"Her ponies?" Cybele said, genuinely surprised. She looked at Nemesis for confirmation. "Is this true?"

Nemesis' voice was a throaty chuckle. "The animal couldn't take its eyes off them, Cybele! If it hadn't been wearing that restraining belt, I would have ordered my ponies to mount it as a punishment for its curiosity."

"That might be amusing."

Cybele looked at the tall ponyboys then back at the quivering Siggie, and her lips curved in a cruel smile. "But I have a better idea..."

Later that day, Siggie found out exactly how difficult it was to walk in the towering ponyboots for himself.

Cybele and Nemesis sauntered through the corridors arm-in-arm, Siggie crawling along behind them on his hands and knees, a leash attached to his collar and his buttocks striped with purple whip-marks.

"How long have you had it?" Nemesis asked.

"A few weeks," Cybele replied, giving the leash a spiteful tug.

"Long enough for most animals to have learned the rudiments of obedience. SW12 is an exception, however."

"How often do you have to beat it?"

"Almost every day – it just doesn't seem to learn. I've been forced to list all its serious transgressions in a separate book."

"Have you punished it for them?"

"Not yet." Cybele sighed, jerking the leash again. "I'm starting think it would be easier to banish the wretched thing to the menial pens. I don't know why I'm wasting my time on it."

"It's far too pretty for the pens," Nemesis said.

"Its looks are passable," Cybele said grudgingly, "but it's the most troublesome, disobedient animal we've ever retrieved from the surface."

They stopped by a door and Nemesis waited while Cybele triggered the security grids, then the little group walked through, the grids closing behind them.

As soon as they were inside, the four hairless men took charge of Siggie, removing his restraining belt and butt plug before chaining him up and washing him thoroughly. They scrubbed and hosed him until he gasped, then pushed a greased pipe into his bottom and flushed his bowels with warm fluid. Siggie endured the enema with a red face; it was part of the physical cleansing routine he

performed four times a day, but he had got used to washing himself without the men's assistance and without the presence of any Supreme Sisters.

Nemesis laughed at his blushes. She walked around his helpless body and tapped her driving whip hard against the pipe, making him squirm.

"This is a very responsive animal," she said. "Have you begun intensive training?"

Cybele nodded. "It's been penetrated twice."

Nemesis tucked the whip into her boot, parted his muscular buttocks and ran a gloved finger around the metal pipe, probing the area where cold shaped steel vanished into sensitive pink skin. She jiggled the pipe and

Siggie groaned, his dick standing up stiff and hard against his stomach. "Does the animal enjoy it?"

"It grunts like a pig," Cybele said.

"And have you allowed it to masturbate?" Nemesis asked.

She took several long slender metal probes from a leather pouch and selected one, then stood in front of Siggie and used it to tease the sensitive tip of his dick, smiling as he groaned again. "It looks like a lively animal."

"It's been permitted to masturbate during both intensive training sessions," Cybele said. "It's quite a popular animal – several of our Sisters have enjoyed watching it squirm and grunt in the sling. I allowed it to masturbate after I'd withdrawn the dildo the first time, but during the second session I ordered it to bring itself to climax while it was still being penetrated."

The other woman laughed again. Then, before Siggie realised what she was going

to do, she pinched the end of his dick with a gloved hand and slid the slender probe down his urethra, making him squeal.

"Very lively," Nemesis said in satisfaction, withdrawing the probe again. "I should like to examine this animal myself, if it won't interfere with its training."

Cybele looked at Siggie and gave a small cold smile. "That won't be a problem."

Once Siggie was completely clean, the men unchained him and escorted him over to the rotating frame. Siggie recognised it and swallowed nervously; the first time he had been in the room he had been spread-eagled on it while they fitted his restraining belt. He stood with his arms and legs wide apart while they strapped his wrists and ankles tightly to the frame, then they pushed a ball gag into his mouth and bowed to the watching Sisters.

"Do you wish to use the standard size on this animal, Mistress Cybele?" one of them asked.

"No," Cybele said. "Two sizes bigger. You have suitable step-up collars to fit the enema tube."

The man winced slightly and bowed again. "And the cock



cage, Mistress Cybele?"

"That can be standard." She frowned at him as he hesitated. "What is it?"

"The animal is quite... well-endowed, Mistress Cybele."

"Then it'll be a snug fit," Cybele said.

The man bowed and moved out of Sigg's line of sight. When he reappeared he was carrying a heavy belt with segmented metal fittings, a shaped cage and a smooth metal tube with a rounded tip and a flat base with a small hole in it. The tube was about half the length of Sigg's hand, but its diameter looked too wide to circle with his thumb and forefinger.

Cybele took it and held it up in front of Sigg's face. She slipped her finger into the small hole and smiled at the look of trepidation his blue eyes.

"This is the socket for your tail, SW12," she said. "When the socket is in place and the cock cage fitted, a tail of our choice is placed here in the core." She took her finger out again and held out a hand for the release key. "Once the socket and cock cage are fitted, they will not be removed – unless I decide to change your designation." The centre of the tube slid out smoothly as she touched a button on the release key, leaving nothing but a wide metal cylinder. "You will fit the enema tube with the correct step-up collars and lock the end of it here during physical cleansing." One slim finger circled slowly around the rim of the tube and Sigg shuddered, his balls tightening. "When you've finished, you will replace the core and tail. Do you understand?"

Sigg swallowed again and nodded, his mouth full of the taste of rubber.

"The core contains a pair of electrodes and a power cell that can be activated by any release key and made to discharge varying levels of voltage for reward or punishment." Cybele slid the core back into the socket. "Disobedient animals tend to find themselves very... uncomfortable."

She turned to the waiting men. "Fit this animal," she said. The metal tube was so cold that Sigg groaned and shook his head desperately as the rounded tip slipped past his sphincter, but the men ignored his whimpers. They just pushed harder and the tube slid slowly up inside him, the flat base nestling between his buttocks. Then they locked the belt around his waist, secured the fittings to the socket and looked at Cybele.

"The cage, Supreme Sister..."

Cybele looked at Sigg. His body was slippery with sweat and he sagged against the straps holding him to the frame, but his dick was as hard as ever. She smiled and her fingers tapped the release key. "Pleasure – or pain..."

Sigg guessed she'd chosen somewhere between the two.

Whatever it was, he'd never felt anything like the overpowering wave of sensation that seemed to rush straight from his delicate tissues to the base of his dick. The Sisters laughed as he climaxed, his whole body jerking against the straps.

After the men had cleaned him again and fitted the cock cage, squeezing Sigg's dick and balls into the tight metal prison and locking it closed, they removed the ball gag and released him from the frame and he fell on his knees in front of Cybele, his head bent.

"Good haunches," Nemesis said thoughtfully, walking around Sigg's kneeling body. "May I fit it?"

"Of course. This one – since the animal's blond everywhere else."

Sigg shivered as she moved behind him; then he heard a soft click and felt a slight vibration from the tube, followed by the strange sensation of something soft and silky flowing between his buttocks and over his thighs. "Your tail, SW12," Cybele said.

"Thank you, Supreme Sister," Sigg mumbled.

"I didn't give you permission to speak," Cybele said sharply. "That's another demerit – along with the one you've earned for daring to make all this mess in front of us." She stood over him; if he raised his head slightly, he could see the shiny toes of her boots. "Clean it up, SW12; I want to see you lick up every drop."

The boots were impossible. Sigg took two tottering steps in them and fell flat on his face, earning himself a sharp

cut across the buttocks from Artemis' whip.

"Bad animal," she said. "What are you, SW12?"

"A bad, stupid, clumsy animal, Mistress Artemis!" Sigg gasped, his backside smarting from the blow.

"That's right." An array of whips and cuffs hung from her belt; he heard them hiss against her scarlet leggings as she moved. "And what do I do to bad, stupid, clumsy animals, SW12?"

"Beat them, Mistress Artemis," Sigg whispered, flinching as the whip cut him again, this time across the back of his legs.

"Beat them," Artemis said with satisfaction. "Cybele likes to penetrate them, I like to beat them, and Nemesis likes to..." She chuckled. "You'll find out. Now get up, SW12 – unless you want a proper beating."

Sigg struggled back onto his feet and stood poised awkwardly on the tips of his toes, the blond tail flowing down to his knees.

"Walk," Artemis said. She watched him with a bright, hard gaze, her lips parting slightly as she flexed the whip between her hands. She had laced her corset even tighter than usual, pushing her ebony breasts up into two luscious mounds that spilled over the gold leather; Sigg wondered





what she would do to him if he hobbled over on the impossible boots and buried his face between them.

"Walk!" She flicked his legs with the whip and Siggs broke into a staggering trot, managing several steps before he fell over again.

Artemis sighed, fingering her whip lovingly. "I think you're doing it on purpose, SW12."

"No, Mistress Artemis!" Siggs protested.

The tall woman frowned down at him and took the release key from a pouch on her belt. "I didn't give you permission to speak."

Siggs closed his eyes in despair, wishing he'd never seen Nemesis' ponyboys.

He was afraid of Artemis. He knew how much she enjoyed disciplining her charges, and when Cybele handed him over to her and told her she had a week to train him, he knelt and kissed her boots with a sinking feeling in his stomach.

"You have to learn, SW12," Artemis said sternly. "Now, do you want me to administer the appropriate correction? You may speak."

"Yes, Mistress Artemis," Siggs whispered.

"Then ask for it."

"Please punish me, Mistress Artemis," Siggs said in a small voice.

"Why do you want me to punish you?"

Siggs knelt with his head down, and shivered. "Because I'm a useless, disobedient animal, Mistress Artemis."

"Yes, you are."

Artemis made him stumble over the padded whipping bench and bend over it, his legs spread wide, palms against the floor. She locked the cuffs around his wrists and ankles then removed the blond tail and laid it on the bench beside him.

"I don't want to spoil your tail with my whip, SW12," she said.

Siggs squeezed his eyes shut and waited for the first blow, his body tense and trembling; but instead of beating him, Artemis pressed a button on the release key and Siggs was engulfed by a storm of pleasure so intense he could only gasp and jerk his hips against the bench. The tight metal cage cut into his swelling flesh, preventing his

erection, and when the first stroke of whip cut across his buttocks he collapsed across the bench, sobbing and begging Artemis to let him climax.

"Extreme pleasure can be even more of a punishment than pain," Artemis said, bringing the whip down hard across his thighs. "Especially if there's no release from it."

By the end of the week, Siggs was able to run in the boots.

But he still didn't know what was going to happen to him.

He cleaned himself as Artemis had instructed, then reported to her training room and knelt down, pressing his forehead against the floor.

After a while, he heard her come in: and gasped as her whip left a smarting line across his buttocks.

"Very good, SW12," she said, walking around him. "Stand up."

Siggs stood up obediently, stealing curious little glances at the two men Artemis had brought with her. Their hair was shaved into neat lines and dyed red, and both were naked apart from red latex jackets, their restraining belts and collars. Siggs kept his head bowed while they brushed his blond hair, then groomed the long blond tail and tied ribbons to it. Once they'd finished, they fitted broad cuffs over his wrists and locked his hands behind his back, fastening his wrists to the D-ring on the back of his belt. "You make a pretty pony, SW12," Artemis said. "Put your head up – that's right – and open your mouth."

One of the men slipped a rubber bit between his jaws and fitted a bridle over his head, tightening and locking the straps so the bit pressed back firmly and stopped him closing his mouth. They stood back to admire the effects, then added plumes like the ones he had seen Nemesis' ponyboys wearing; finally, they snapped two small, spiteful circular clamps over his nipples – Siggs whimpered as the metal teeth bit into his flesh – and hung them with silver bells.

"Very pretty," Artemis said. She uncoiled a long driving whip and flicked it at his legs. "Walk. That right – head up – now, trot."

Siggs broke into a long fluid trot, the plumes on his head nodding and the little silver bells jingling with each stride. He circled the room twice before Artemis told him to stop. She fastened a leading rein to his bridle and he followed her out of the room, his heart pounding with nerves and excitement, wondering where she was taking him.

She took him back to the Welcoming Chamber.

It was packed with people again, but now the whole room had a festive atmosphere. The women lounged on their human furniture, laughing and talking, while male servers knelt at their feet and trays of drinks and snacks, their heads bowed. Siggs's eyes opened wide as he saw his first candelabrum – the man stood silently in an alcove, tall candles dripping wax down his shaved head and onto his shoulders. Siggs caught his breath, glanced up and saw the chandeliers suspended from hooks and pulleys. The men's arms were fastened to their sides and their

legs bound together, lines of candles running between their trapped limbs. Some of the men were lying face-up, holding candles in their mouths, their faces spattered with wax, but Siggie saw others who had been positioned face-down, the fat candles jutting between their buttocks and running with wax.

Cybele was reclining on a divan beside Nemesis; she saw Artemis as soon as she came in and rose to meet her. "Is it ready?" she asked.

"As ready as I can get it in the time," Artemis replied. She gave Siggie's leading rein a sharp jerk and he stumbled, making the assembled women laugh, then she unclipped the rein and shook out her driving whip. "Trot," she commanded.

Siggie moved around her in a circle, keeping his head up, the candlelight playing over his muscular body. He was aware of the sudden buzz of interest in the room, and when he stopped and stood balanced on his toes, the blond tail cascading down his legs and his dick straining against the cage, several of the Supreme Sisters got to their feet and came to take a closer look at him, running their gloved hands over his body.

"Very pretty," Cybele murmured. She patted Siggie's buttocks and he quivered with pleasure. "I'm impressed, Artemis – you've done a good job."

"Clean legs," Nemesis said, running her hands down his thighs. "Has the animal been in harness yet?"



"Not yet," Artemis said.

Nemesis smiled, turning back to Cybele. "Then I'll take that bet of yours, my dear Sister."

"Grooms –" Cybele snapped her fingers and the two men in red scampered forward and bowed. "Take this animal to the stables and get it ready."

The men bowed again and escorted Siggie out of the Welcoming Chamber.

As soon as Siggie saw the lightweight racing-trap waiting for him in the stables, he understood what Nemesis had meant. The grooms backed him carefully between the shafts and locked the traces to the D-rings on his belt, then clipped long driving reins to either side of the bit. One of them took a firm hold on the reins just under his chin, and when Siggie stepped forward, he felt the trap roll after him.

They didn't go back to the Welcoming Chamber: instead, the men took him to a small anteroom on the level below and left him there. Siggie could see a large oval room beyond through the security grid, the glass gallery running around the walls filled with the festive party from the Welcoming Chamber – he scanned the watching faces,

looking for Cybele, but there was no sign of her.

"Are you ready, SW12?"

He jumped at the sound of Cybele's voice and shuddered when she gathered his driving reins in her hands and swung into the racing-trap, tapping her whip against his shoulder.

"You're not going to let me down now, are you?"

"No, Mistress Cybele," he said, the bit making him slur the words.

The grids opened, Cybele shook the reins, and Siggie walked through into the Arena.

"A splendid animal, Cybele – but it won't beat mine!"

Siggie just stared. Nemesis was sitting at the reins of the other racing-trap, one of her handsome black-haired ponyboys between the shafts. The man turned his head and looked at Siggie, his nostrils flaring with contempt, then shook his plumes and stamped one foot.

"A race?" Siggie whispered.

A stinging cut across the shoulder from Cybele's whip reminded him of where he was. The tall ponyboy snorted – it sounded more like laughter to Siggie – and stamped again, earning himself a sharp tap from Nemesis' whip.

Artemis leaned over the gallery, a whip in her hand. As she raised it, Siggie found he was thinking of the thirty years he had spent on the surface, trapped in a dull job and a dull life, dreaming of being owned and abused by a cruel goddess like Cybele. The ponyboy turned his head again and sneered at Siggie, his teeth clenched on the bit and his top lip curling in derision –

Artemis brought her arm down sharply and the race began. It was the sneer that did it. Siggie put his head down and ran as fast as he could. The other man had a longer stride and an ease of moving in the pony-boots that Siggie could never hope to match, but that contemptuous little sneer had made his blood boil. He ran, barely aware of the shouting voices or the bite of Cybele's whip across his bare shoulders – and only stopped when Cybele hauled on the reins and dragged him to a halt. Then he fell on his knees, his head down, gasping for breath.

"Congratulations," Nemesis said; Siggie heard the creak of the trap and the rustle of latex. "That's a good animal, Cybele."

Siggie raised his head slowly, blinking sweat out of his eyes. He looked towards the other trap, but the tall ponyboy turned his head away and wouldn't meet his gaze.

"Then it's yours," Cybele said casually. Siggie's head jerked around and he stared at her in horror. "You can take it with you when you leave tonight."

The grooms came and led the ponyboys away. Poor Siggie kept looking back over his shoulder at his beloved Trainer, his blue eyes round with disbelief, until the grids closed behind them.

"I'll keep the animal for one month then return it intact and unblemished, as we agreed," Nemesis said after both ponyboys had gone. She slid an arm around Cybele's waist and kissed her on the lips. "I shall enjoy disciplining SW12, and so will my Sisters."

All drawings were made especially for this story
by Ed Mironiuk
www.EdMironiuk.com



© Photo: Steve Diet Goedde - model: www.kumimonster.com

Kumi

Top Fetish Model interview

Secret: First let me situate you. Where are you from and how did you get involved in the fetish scene?

I am completely California grown, primarily in the San Francisco bay area with a year living in the south of France for school and then various trips to other countries and states. To make a long story short, the club scene got me into the more fashion-y based fetishes that I enjoy. When I first started going out, most of the people that were wearing latex, PVC, or other types of shiny tight materials were primarily associated with the death rock thing. I suppose it's what most people call 'goth' now.

As far as a fetish scene goes, I feel that both then and now it's not really a huge scene in and of itself – at least in San Francisco. It's more of an interest that crosses into a few

different areas and waxes and wanes depending on the influence of trends. If you're talking large parties with hundreds of people dressed in latex, then I would have to admit that would be difficult to find here in SF. But as far as other aspects of sexuality such as BDSM, then there's no shortage of communities. My first attempt at getting my toes wet was by joining the *Society of Janus*. I don't actually recall how I found out about it, but I do remember actually attending a few meetings. It's difficult to live in San Francisco and not be aware of the numerous active and sex-positive organizations that exist in and around this city.

Kumi

© Photo: Steve Diet Goedde - model: www.kuminmonster.com



Secret: Besides martial arts movies and doughnuts, you also go nuts for rubber/latex, stockings and rope. When did you first know about your personal fetish?

When I was working and hanging out in the clubs many people were wearing PVC and such things. I stumbled across latex and immediately took a shine to it! ;-) For me, it just seemed more 'elite' than the PVC. It fit tighter against the body, it pressed closer to the skin, it molded itself into a perfect layer over whatever you put into it. The extra care and feeding needed to possess latex has always seemed to me to be a part of the ceremony – a much more concentrated attention than what most other fabrics require.

Then: At first it was the smell of the talc mixed with the scent of rubber. The feel of the soft powder on the latex

preventing it from sticking to itself as you take it out of whatever storage you chose for it. Pouring an additional coat of talc over your body and the latex before even attempting to envelop yourself - or someone else - was what it used to be. The powder would get all over and escape out of the openings and wiping it off before polishing was just one of the steps you had to take towards completing the customary procedure.

Now: Oh the lube... No more powder for this girl! Luckily I'm one that has skin that loves the silicone lube. I can't have enough of it. It makes it such a joy to get in and out of the skin-tight rubber after having poured the slick liquid onto the insides of whatever outfit I've chosen to put on – but that's just the beginning! Being polished is akin to having your body honored, admired, and worshiped. So



© Photo: Steve Diet Goedde - model: www.kumimonster.com

maybe you're all alone? No matter, a bit of self-appreciation is always as enjoyable as it is rewarding.

Secret: What are your other hobbies? What kind of music you listen to?

So many things to do or watch! I love bikes and motor sports. I used to wrench on my ex-boyfriend's bike when he raced and that got me heavily into going to motorcycle races for a couple of years. I prefer Grand Prix (125, 250, 500cc - 2 strokes) racing to superbikes but also love MotoX, FMX and speedway/oval tracks. Ice racing is completely mad! Long steel spikes screwed into the tires and no brakes! What else? Other board sports too. Skate, surf, sail. I do like the sun and depending on the location the ocean is a great distraction. History and school is another big thing for me. I love military history, especially learning about modern wars of the 20th century. I usually read a ton war and history books (in addition to certain fetish ones!). Video games used to take up much of my time and I have to force myself to keep away. I also waste much of my time collecting Asian movies: mostly Hong Kong, Korean, and Japanese DVDs. I like to travel and visit different bars in various places especially if I can shoot billiards while drinking Jack Daniels too.

Music: I listen to all sorts of things. The last CDs that I have actually purchased include: Ryuichi Sakamoto with the Morelenbaums, Casa (Playing the music of Antonio Carlos Jobim); Ultra-Lounge-Bongo land; Dropkick Murphy's, Drunken Lullabies (had a burnt copy, lost it, bought this, now it's lost once more, grrr); Boomtown Rats, Greatest Hits; Maná, Sueños



Liquidos. I guess I'm not too up to date on my purchasing. On my computer, my mp3s vary. I listen to various things including the Pogues, Connie Francis, Edith Piaf, Les Rita Mitsouko, Aerosmith, Vangelis, Santana, Hed PE, Eminem, Jay Z, Duran Duran, Indochine, Elvis, Cramps, Depeche Mode, Curve, Clash, Elvis, Chieftains, Cab Calloway, Marty Robbins, Patsy Cline, Jay Johnson, George Clinton, and a bunch more rock n roll kind of things! Yea!

Secret: You do a lot of girl/girl pictures. Why?

If someone asked you to do sexy photos with girls like Emily Marilyn, would you have to be asked twice? DUH!!

Secret: Are you more the submissive kind of girl or are you in control?

I'm not submissive, but I am a rope bottom. I enjoy shibari and being suspended. It's almost like flying and yet you're really not that far off the ground. There is some strain and once I'm able to just let loose and get to that pleasure/pain zone, then it really doesn't matter if I'm merely hanging a couple inches from off the ground or several feet. If I didn't enjoy it so much, then there wouldn't be photos of me doing it.

Kumi

Top Fetish - Shibari - Model interview



© Photo: Steve Diet Goede - model: www.kumimonster.com

Secret: *Is fetish a “lifestyle” for you or do you just dress up when you party? Meaning, do you dress-up at home privately, for yourself or with your partner? (None of my fucking business! I know, I know, they just want to know!!!)*

I don't think of fetish being an actual conscious lifestyle choice for myself. When I first came across latex, I probably did think like most that the clothes would be really cool to wear and dress up in. But remember almost immediately soon after, I developed a great appreciation for it and yes, some sexual enjoyment as well. Not in the sense that I need it to 'get off' in (I'm thinking of the dictionary definition of 'fetish' here), but in the sense of being empowered. It envelops, disguises, and protects; yet at the same time, every shape and curve is laid bare for all to see. It is comforting to me in an unconventional way. Just as the stiletto heel can force your arches into unorthodox and extravagant heights, just as a tightly bound leather corset can coerce your cleavage to expand and your breath to strain, a combination of ideas are conveyed:

femininity, power, frailty, sexual aggressiveness, self-confidence, liberation, sensuality, submission, mystery, servitude, pleasure, pain, control, abandon, and so on and so on...

At home, yes I do dress up. I try my shoes, I sit in front of the computer with my waist cinched up, and I do take out my latex and try on my pieces for myself. No one else is usually there; it's more of an alone thing. Of course, I am much too generous with the silicone lube and when I'm done, I go through the ritual of cleaning and putting away my pieces with great care, or else I'll take everything I own, toss it on my floor and just roll around in it! Have I mentioned how yummy your skin feels after waking up in lube covered latex sheets?

Secret: *Shibari and bondage are a big part of your specials. Can you describe me what you feel when you're in bondage and why you do this? Is it sexual or just for the restraining?*

I enjoy different aspects of bondage at various times. If



I'm being bound for a performance then I have to put myself into a slightly different headspace than if I was being bound in play. Although some performances require a pretty show while others just want the bondage for bondage's sake. Being restrained is a sexual aspect. The bondage that I participate in, is sometimes more sexual than at other times depending on who's working with me.

Secret: Who is your favorite photographer and why? (I know this is a hard one...!)

Actually, this question is easy! My favorite type of photography is not fetish or fashion. I love the works of those who attempt to create a permanent record of



humankind at its best and worst and often have already given up their lives to get that one shot. Robert Capa, Larry Burrows, Henri Huet, Henri Cartier-Bresson, George Rodger, Bob Ellison, Catherine Leroy, Don McCullen.

I suppose I must make you happy though, so I will give you a name more familiar to the fetish world! I know Steve Diet Goedde loves Bob Carlos Clarke. There is one image of Bob's that stands out the most for me. It is called 'sticky fingers' and it is of a woman in stiletto heels, latex gloves, and a sneer on her face with dripping dark liquid all around. Hmm. Ok so back to Mr. Steve. I prefer his older black and white photographs the most. Not his most earliest work as a Chicagoan but the things that came from that period of time including his work from his ventures elsewhere. Yes. I suppose I could just simply say the work that is featured in the first Beauty of Fetish Book. (of course the book I'm on the cover on).

Secret: What would be your dream car or bike?

The 46th International Auto Show is going on in San Francisco at the time I write this response. I'm sure I will find new favorites there. But I love bikes. For some time I thought the Aprilia Blue Marlin prototype bike from a year or so ago was so beautiful. It still is. I have weakness for these names: Ducati, Aprilia, Cagiva, Gilera, Moto Guzzi, Laverda, Benelli, MV Augusta. Although if someone offered me a nice Norton Manx I most likely wouldn't turn it down although I'd much prefer a Ducati Diana. To appease the history side of my head, I wouldn't mind a huge tank.

Secret: I know you are going to school to get your degree.

What do you want to do when you've done with that?

I'm studying history. I love military history and the study of war. I won't be done for a while because I'm going for the other degrees as well if I can – masters and doctorate. Although what I want to do doesn't require that much work. I just want to do it for myself. Hopefully someone will give me a job when I graduate so I can educate the young. That's what I want to do: teach. J

Secret: Do you have any idols and whom do you admire at this moment?

Not really anyone in particular. Not that I can think of at the moment. Hmm... oh I know! Jürgen because he is COOL!

Secret: If you have tons of cash, what would you do with it?

I would buy so much latex! All custom designed pieces for myself. And then I would also pay off my school bills.

Secret: What is your ultimate dream-come-true?

Getting my doctorate in history.

www.kumimonster.com
kumi@kumimonster.com

All pictures by Steve Diet Goedde
www.stevedietgoedde.com
Kumi's website: www.kumimonster.com



Kumi

Top Fetish Model interview

'i'm a dirty fucking bitch!

by slave vicki

The girl hears the soft knock at the door and her excitement builds as with a quick glance in the mirror she rushes to open it. She is eager to see her Master, excited to think of the time T/they will spend together. She grabs at the handle, her palm feeling its coolness. It turns and the door is pushed violently inwards, the girl is knocked back against the wall. The smile disappears from her lips as her hair is grasped tightly and she is forced to her knees. Her head is held firmly, she is unable to look up at the man who has entered the flat with such harshness. She is too shocked to speak, her breath comes in gasps as the fingers twist tighter in her blonde hair. 'Don't make a sound...' He whispers to her. His hands jerk hard on her hair, forcing her head down further to the floor.

Her mind buzzes, she cannot think, panic rises inside her. The clink of a chain sounds out through the hallway of the flat. A hand grasps the collar she wears for her Master and it tightens against her neck. She hears a click close to her ear and feels the pressure lessen on her hair. Immediately she struggles, attempts to stand, tries hard to look up, but the collar around her neck now traps her. Her head is pulled down to the floor with speed and as she opens her eyes she notes a silver chain, taut, holding her in place. The man laughs at her struggle, and pulls hard on the chain, forcing her to crawl behind Him.

The carpet rubs at her stocking covered knees as she crawls behind Him, face down, her hair falling softly down over her cheeks. 'Hmmm....not a word...a very obedient bitch...' and then close to her ear, 'But You tried to escape, you struggled...that's bad....very...bad...'

'Please....' she whispers softly.

'DON'T say a word...I thought you understood that at least...' His hand connects sharply with the side of her face. She feels the sting of it, her head jerking violently to the side from the impact of the slap. He pushes her head down again, pressing her cheek into the carpet. 'Perhaps now you can manage to keep your mouth shut...'

Suddenly, she feels His hand grasp at her thin blouse, the buttons fly off in all directions as He rips it open. His hands rush to her breasts, forcing themselves under the material of her bra. She can feel Him standing over her, His thighs against her shoulders. He pushes the flimsy material down and pulls her breasts over the top, exposing them. He grabs at them, squeezes them, pulls harshly at her nipples. With shame, she feels her body betray her, she feels her nipples harden, she feels her cunt growing wet. As suddenly as He began to touch her, He stops. She feels the pressure from His thighs on her back and shoulders lessen and she hears Him move away from her.

The girl can hear Him pacing to and fro behind her. She hears every step He takes, anxiety now transformed into anticipation. From nowhere a kick to her left ankle, 'Open Your slut legs...' Slowly she parts her ankles, her knees, her thighs. Her head bowing lower, cheeks blushing deep red, as she dreads the thought of Him knowing, of Him feeling her excitement. Slowly, His hand touches the inside of her thighs, up over the tops of her stockings. 'I think....' He begins in a whisper, '...I think...that I

am going to find a very wet and excited cunt....' Quickly, brutally, His hand presses up between her legs, He feels her shaven cunt...smooth...wet. He slips two fingers inside her with ease and He laughs. 'What a hospitable little whore you are...to make a stranger feel so welcome...' With that He pulls His fingers from her and forces them into her mouth. 'Taste how excited you are you slut...' The girl whimpers softly with shame as she tastes herself. She feels Him forcing His fingers around inside her mouth, over her tongue. His thumb pressing hard against her lips. He removes His fingers from her mouth swiftly, leaving her lips parted, her breath coming in shallow gasps.

Another kick, this time to her knees, 'A slut's legs should be open wider...' She feels her arms straining against the ropes, the bonds tightening on her wrists as she open her legs wider. Again His fingers plunge inside her cunt. This time she cannot help herself and a barely audible moan escapes from her lips. Immediately, His fingers withdraw and she feels one hand close on her hair tightly. He jerks her face up and holds His fingers in front of her eyes, 'Look at this...look at how wet your cunt has made my fingers...this makes you a dirty bitch...' Again His fingers are forced inside her mouth, this time He steps round in front of her, with His free hand He holds her chin tight and moves her face upwards, towards Him. He removes His fingers slowly, again wiping them over her face. 'Look at me...' He orders her. Slowly she allows her eyes to meet His. Her face is hot with embarrassment and shame. He kneels down and again inserts His fingers inside her. He sees the burning in her blue eyes, notices the lips parting softly and a cruel smile appears on His face. His hand grips her chin tighter, making certain she is forced to hold His gaze. This time when He withdraws His fingers from her, He wipes it over her mouth, on her cheeks, looking at them shine. 'Now...' He says as He stares coldly at her, His fingers sliding over her face, 'Tell me what this makes you....' A glance away from His eyes is followed by a sharp slap to her face. 'Now...tell me what the fuck you are....'

Slowly, inaudibly, she murmurs, 'I'm a slut...'

'Oh dear...oh dear...not good enough...' He releases her chin and stands before her. He undoes His belt in front of her eyes. Slowly, He folds it and snaps it together, the sound of the leather echoing around the room. He steps silently from her view. The girl shivers slightly as she feels the belt slip over her soft ass, she waits, closing her eyes...and then....'Whack!' She jumps, her body tensing, her head snapping back, her eyes wide. The belt smacking hard against her ass again, and again, and again. The heat spreads over her ass, the sting makes her eyes water. Her head is pulled back sharply, the pain in her wrists coursing through her as He pulls her backwards, 'Now...let's try again, shall W/we?' He releases her hair and she moves forward again. This time, He asks her what she is with each new movement of His fingers over her face, 'What...' as His wet fingers slide over her left cheek, '...are...' as they slip to her right cheek, '...you?' as He wipes them harshly over her open mouth. This time she fixes her eyes to His, 'i'm a dirty fucking bitch!' she spits out at Him.

'A dirty....fucking...bitch...' He repeats slowly. He looks down at her, His voice harsh as He asks her, 'And what do all dirty bitches like the best...?' A look of uncertainty clouds her eyes,

'i...i don't...know...' she answers. He shakes His head slowly. In a mocking tone full of pretend pity, He says, 'Ohhh and now you have disappointed Me again...and you were doing so well...' With a sigh He stands, His face a picture of mock sorrow. He grabs the back of her blouse and lifts it over her head, her back and ass almost fully exposed, except for her skirt, resting as it does on top of her hips. 'Now...let's see if you have understood things so far...' He takes a deep breath and begins to explain, 'You are a dirty little fucking bitch...' A pull on her hair, 'Is that right?'

'Yes....yes...'

'Good...now...W/we are agreed that you are a dirty...filthy...bitch, and as such you must adore and crave cock...am i right?' His voice is patronising, He speaks to her slowly as if she were stupid. 'i...yes...i suppose so...' the girl replies hesitantly.

A hard pull on her hair, 'You suppose so? It's either yes or a no...'

'Yes....yes...' she answers quickly, her eyes scared.

'Right....' He trails the belt over her bare back, 'It hurts more here...You know that, don't you?' She answers with a nod. 'Good...so...tell me slut...what do all dirty bitches like best?'

'Cock...cock...' she answers.

'Excellent....really excellent...now tell me it all...' He moves in front of her again, His face close to hers, His eyes bore into hers. 'i am a dirty fucking bitch....and i love cock...' her eyes are wide as she looks back at Him.

He stands slowly, His hands running up over her body, gripping her breasts tightly as He straightens up, towering above her. She feels the relief in her shoulders as He releases the ropes that bind her wrists. The freedom is short lived as He pulls them behind her and ties them tight again. He pushes her face to the floor harshly and promptly walks from the room.

The girl doesn't hear Him return. She doesn't know He stands behind her staring at her greedily. She doesn't see the length of black fabric twisting and turning in His hands. She sees nothing, her face still flat to the floor, her body aching from the awkward position He has left her in. She can hear nothing but the soft rush of blood that fills her ears. Shock floods her as she is pulled harshly to her feet, His hands pulling on her sore, bound wrists. He notes the way her chest heaves, He wonders briefly whether it is excitement or fear that makes her gasp. With ease that shows a practiced hand He places the fabric quickly over her eyes, tying it tight. He moves in front of the girl and gently grazes His knuckles over her cheek. His hand moves to her collar and He grasps at the attached chain, pulling it to the front. He lets it fall down her body and sees the involuntary shiver that runs through her body as the cold metal meets her soft flesh.

'W/we're going out....my filthy little whore...' With that He grasps hold of the chain and He pulls. She falters slightly, trying hard to follow in her high heels, sightless as she is. She hears the door open, and is aware briefly that they have stopped. No noise emerges from the hallway outside her flat. She feels His breath close to her ear. 'W/we have to be quick slut, if you cannot keep up with me, you will fall and i will drag you across the floor, out of the door and through the car park....i suggest you keep up.' Before she could answer, the chain is pulled again harshly and they move forward urgently. The sound of the door opening greets her ears and she feels the coolness of the night air on her face and exposed chest. She feels His hands on her ass and back as He lifts her off the ground and lies her down gently. With panic she realises where He has placed her, she cannot straighten her legs, she can smell petrol, the fabric that meets her bound arms is rough... 'The boot...?' she whimpers softly.

'What did you think?' He laughs, 'Only place for a cunt...'

A sudden change in the vibration and movement of the car

heralded the end of their journey. She heard the car's engine die and the faint sound of a door opening. She felt the cool air again on her face, caressing over her body as the boot was opened. Again His hands lifted her, and she felt their smooth strength against her body. A pull on the chain and again they were walking. The ground was rough, many times she fell, only to be hauled back up again quickly by the chain attached to her collar. She could feel grazes stinging on her legs, on her shoulders. She struggled to keep up with Him, her breath coming in sharp bursts. Finally, they stopped. 'Get on your knees...' Without hesitation she did so, pleased to be able to rest. She heard the rustle of branches, of trees as He moved around her. 'Perfect...' He whispered. The swish of ropes then, followed by more rustling.

She felt and heard Him move closer to her. 'Kneel up...' She straightened up slightly, her knees digging in to the ground. His hands grasped at her hair and He pushed her face forwards rubbing it harshly against the material of His trousers. 'Open your fucking slut mouth...' He ordered coldly. He stood back from her slightly, His hands tilting her head to one side, facing upwards. He stared at her, her mouth open, the cuts and grazes on her body, the white blouse ripped and dirty, A hand left her hair and fell to the buttons of His trousers, 'You better do this well bitch...' He whispered as His hand gripped His cock, releasing it from the surrounding fabric. Again both hands gripped her hair tight. She swallowed and as she did so her mouth closed momentarily, He jerked her head violently, 'Keep your mouth open!'

Blind and helpless, unable to move anywhere, she felt the hardness of His cock against her face. Felt Him move her head so that it rubbed against her cheeks, over her nose, against her open lips. A sudden and harsh movement upwards, her hair straining against her scalp, and then forcing her mouth down, fast, His cock pushing deep inside, making her gag immediately. Her eyes watering behind the blindfold as He pushed her down further, and further, His cock pressing against her throat. Still He pushed her head down harder, laughing at her coughs and gags, pushing into her throat, violating it, hurting it. Her head pulled off Him quickly, she could feel the saliva dripping over her chin, too late she remembered not to close her mouth, 'You're a useless cunt...' He shouted at her. His hands released her and she crashed down to the floor, her shoulders and face stinging painfully. She felt Him move quickly behind her, felt His knee on her thigh as He undid her wrists. Once loose, He pulled her to her feet. 'You are going to learn...' He pulled her forward, and grabbing one wrist, He attached a thicker, rougher rope to it, she heard the familiar rustle of trees as He did so. Her arm was then pulled upwards, away from her body, she felt it jerk a little as He tested the rope's tension and then He repeated the action with her other wrist. She heard Him behind her, and she waited. She could only imagine how she must look her arms spread wide above her, no hope of movement.

His hands suddenly connected with her ass, her thighs, grasping hungrily, His breath rasping, hot against her ear. 'You can't even remember to keep your fucking legs open...' She heard Him drop to His knees and then she felt His powerful hands on her ankle as He yanked it away from the other and tied it tight. Again the action was repeated to her other ankle. He stepped back to look at the girl, her legs and arms spread wide, the rope taut until it met the tree where it swirled round a branch, or the trunk, knotted tightly. 'Wait there...' He laughed.

written by slave vicki

THE POWERFUL ART OF ANDRÉ LASSEN

SCULPTOR OF FEARS

BY JAVIER DE PISÓN

The Dutch sculptor André Lassen has created his own unique universe, populated by mysterious figures based on Viking myths and allegorical tales. His 1970's line of jewelry, inspired by J.R.R. Tolkien's "The Lord of the Rings," brought him early international acclaim. Lassen's



© Photo: © Atelier Lassen / BaranyArtists.com

multifaceted talent was later confirmed when he branched out into sculpture, furniture design, and, most recently, when he created his series of highly original mythical knives and daggers. He is also an accomplished blacksmith, who forges his own Damascus steel blades and creates one-of-a-kind, sculptural silver handles, cast the lost-wax method, inlaid with precious stones and scabbards sheathed in exotic skins.

At the 1981 Basel Art Fair, Lassen met H.R. Giger, whose painting and sculptures were a great influence, and pushed him to further develop his own artistic vision. Lassen's works now includes bronze sculptures, swords, daggers, and intricately carved furniture.

"When we first met, I was doing mainly jewelry and also working on smaller sculptures, combining animal skulls with my silver fittings," says Lassen. "Giger inspired me to enlarge and externalize my artistic universe. Over the years we have become good friends." Three of Lassen's works are in Giger's private art collection, on display at the H.R. Giger Museum, in Gruyères, Switzerland.

Lassen's latest works look menacingly out the windows of Tribe Gallery, his shop and studio in the center of Amsterdam. Particularly impressive is a life-size, hand-carved wood cabinet titled "Angel" of a winged warrior in helmet and full armor, with his pet dragon. This complex, functional work of art, designed by Lassen and carved in wood by artisans in Indonesia, swings open at the touch

of a hidden latch to reveal an interior of shelves and drawers.

Producing Lassen's unique, hand-carved, furniture pieces is a long, arduous process. "I make sketches and a detailed scale model which I send to Indonesia, where they carve it for me," he explains. "I designed a biker bar, all carved in wood — the bar and stools, tables and chairs, a pool table, etc. — and made three trips to Indonesia to oversee and direct the work. It took a year from start to finish; the Indonesian carvers are never in a hurry."

Two of Lassen's most ambitious furniture projects are his "Biker Bar," commissioned by a Dutch motorcycle importer to serve as his living room, and his massive and menacing "Vampire Throne," befitting the ruler of the netherworld.

Lassen's interest in Gothic architecture and art predates current trends and fashions. "My grandfather married a German woman, and he went to live in Germany because that's where the work was in those days," he explains. "We usually visited them every Christmas when I was a small kid. And there was so much of a Gothic feeling in



Photo: © Anneli Adolfsen / BaranyArtists.com

the Medieval churches and castles, the weapons, and tales I heard, that it affected me quite early on, without me even being aware of it. Later, it all translated itself very naturally into my artwork."

By the time he was 10 years old, Lassen was already forging swords, daggers, and designing guillotines while apprenticing with his uncle, a Danish blacksmith. "You might say I am a big child who is still playing," says Lassen in his Amsterdam studio. "I still have the old toys I made when I was a kid — little boats, wicked little guillotines. But I always was a little bit on the kinky side."

One of his major Medieval-inspired works, "The Gate," is an eight feet tall, seven feet wide door that will be finally



Photo: © Kelly Brill / BaranyArtists.com

LASSEN'S DAGGERS

cast in bronze this summer. It depicts the mythical realm of Camelot and the characters of King Arthur, Lancelot, Guinevere, and Merlyn in full regalia. It is similar to Rodin's "Gates of Hell" in the fact that each of the many items depicted in the deep relief door — the helmets, the flying dragon, the Excalibur sword, the chalice — exists and is available as detached, separate works.

Another important influence on his art comes from the traditional Japanese swordsmiths he had studied with, masters of ancient techniques that Lassen learned and uses in his hand-forged Damascus steel weapons. In fact, his knowledge of Japanese armory landed him a consultant and appraiser's job with the prestigious auction house of Sothebys in Amsterdam.

Lassen's unique daggers, forged using this antique Japanese technique, have acquired a cult status, and are anxiously sought by collectors. "Swordsmiths have always been respected figures whose art has been shrouded in mystery," Lassen says. "And in some countries swordsmiths were even regarded as a kind of priests," since some of

them were thought to be able to create magic weapons, such as invincible shields, infallible arrows or mortal daggers, which could decide the fate of battles.

His first daggers, created in the mid-80's, were the "Morgul Dagger," inspired by "The Lord of the Rings," and the "Inca Mummy Dagger." In 1995, Lassen began to work on a series of ever more elaborated knives, to the point that some of these pieces possess the strength of an object with power. Among these are the "Frog Dagger" (in which an army of frogs fights a demon), the "Dagger with Mummy Skeleton," or the "Dragon Dagger," all with silver handles that are true miniature sculptures, blades that twist in beautiful and tortuous shapes, and scabbars made of black lizard or white ray skin.

Lassen's most surprising pieces are the ones in which he mixes traditional Gothic imagery of skulls and skeletons with his own whimsical imagination, to create works of extreme subtlety and humor. Among the best examples of this are two small, stylized bronze statues of Death, one on stilts, the other flashing his robe open to reveal his skeletal body; his refined silver cutlery set with skeleton handles and pronounced vertebrae morphing into forks, knives and spoons. Another example is a large bronze coffee table, a heavy, oval glass resting atop six, bent spider legs, the limbs of a screaming, skeletal human torso. The effect is unsettling.

"A work of art has to be powerful," Lassen says, and "you can only achieve that with technique, tension, action, and fear." But the most important requirement for him is that it must have soul. "My work is successful only if people have an emotional response to the piece. It may be difficult to verbalize it, but there has to be far more to it than what you can see."

NOTE: André Lassen has published two books "Celtic Dreams" (1983), and "Gothic" (1991). Inquiries regarding Lassen's daggers, sculptures and furniture may be directed to his agent: www.BaranyArtists.com; les@BaranyArtists.com.

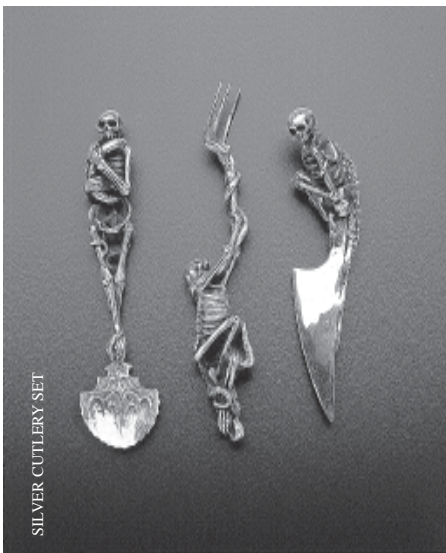


Photo: © Amy Ardrey / BaranyArtists.com

SILVER CUTLERY SET

CHILDREN'S CRUSADE II

This amazing bronze piece by André Lassen, entitled "Children's Crusade II," shows both his expertise and his dark humor.

Photo: © Atelier Lassen / BaranyArtists.com

DAGGER MONTAGE WITH MODEL

André Lassen's daggers with model.

Photo: © Anneli Adolfsson / BaranyArtists.com

LASSEN'S DAGGERS

The model Reid Hutchins with André Lassen's daggers.

Photo: © Kelly Brill / BaranyArtists.com

SILVER CUTLERY SET

Lassen's "Silver Cutlery Set" is one of his most refined works, with skeleton handles and pronounced

vertebrae morphing into forks, knives and spoons.

Photo: © Amy Ardrey / BaranyArtists.com

www.BaranyArtists.com

les@BaranyArtists.com

In Holland, visit André Lassen's

TRIBE GALLERY at Grimburwal 4, 1012GN, Amsterdam.

On display are many of the creations only described in this article, plus a wide array of other wonderful artworks, including André's own sterling silver jewelry line of Gothic and Celtic design rings, bracelets, and pendants.

GERMAN FETISH BALL Berlin

Fashion

TORTURE GARDEN CLOTHING

BODYCULT

HW-DESIGN

TO.mTO

Shows

EMILY MARILYN

LUCI VAN DRO

LUCIFER

presented by

COMET

29th May

German Fetish Fair

18:00 - 20:00

Spemann

Post-Lovers only 20 / 21

+

Fetish Dinner

+

Fetish & Cocktails

30th May

German Fetish Ball

21:00 - 02:00 AM

Star's

Wendehorst Platz 10

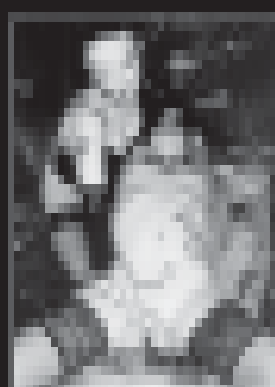
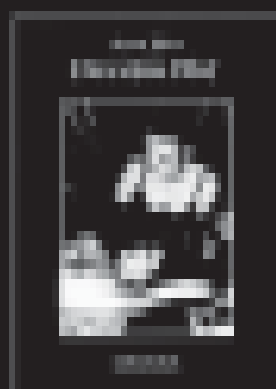
29TH - 30TH MAY 2004

WWW.GERMAN-FETISH-BALL.COM

Info Hotline: +49 - (0) 511 - 16 14 38 4

Arne Jahn

Devotes Blut



*Consists of Original Handwritten Manuscript
Revised to 19th Century Manuscript
in 19th / 20th Century
Style*

www.arnejahn.net

Arne Jahn, 19th Century

FAIRYGOTHMOTHER



Latex Leather Corsets Lingerie

Fairymother, founded 1996, London, 020 7488 0545

www.fairygothmother.com

**+PARADISE+
+ELECTRO+
+STIMULATIONS+**

DANTE AMORE'S CREATIONS
INNOVATING SEXUALITY SINCE 1985



**THE
STUDIO**

WWW.DANTEAMORE.COM

FOR CATALOG OR MORE INFORMATION:
PLEASE SEND NO US \$12 INT'L TO DEPT 808
1809 W. OAKLEY BLVD, LAS VEGAS, NV 89103
800-339-6983 US ONLY 702-474-2991 INT'L

WWW.PESELECTRO.COM

MedicalToys.com

Big selection

*15 - Catalogues
are free with
order!*

Enemas
Strait Jackets
Mummification
Sound Sets
Uniforms & Outfits
Nurse Gallery
Medical Fetish Library and so much more...

MTC

2144 Broadway STE 245
Berkeley, CA 94701-3838 USA
Order Line: 1-800-791-2921

The original and largest source for Medical & Nurse Fetish!

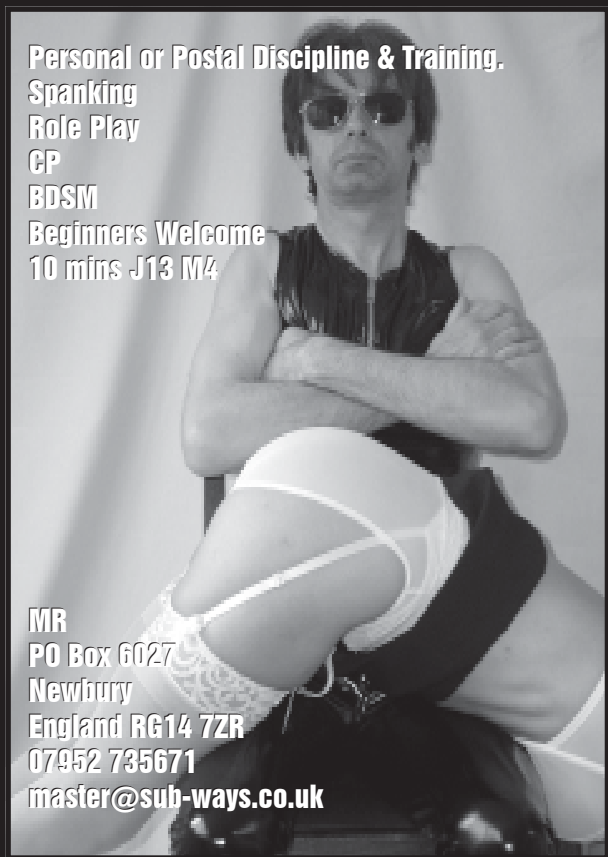


SCHLAGZEITEN
 24 Wochen 12 Ausgaben
 72

SCHLAGZEITEN
 Postbox 330 491 99
 D-230324 Hamburg

80 pages A-4 in charming German!
www.schlagzeiten.com
 gnadenlos gut!

Besten GEFÜHLEN und
 die besten words with ... Teil II
 eine weitere Affäre in
 in einer neuen Welt ...

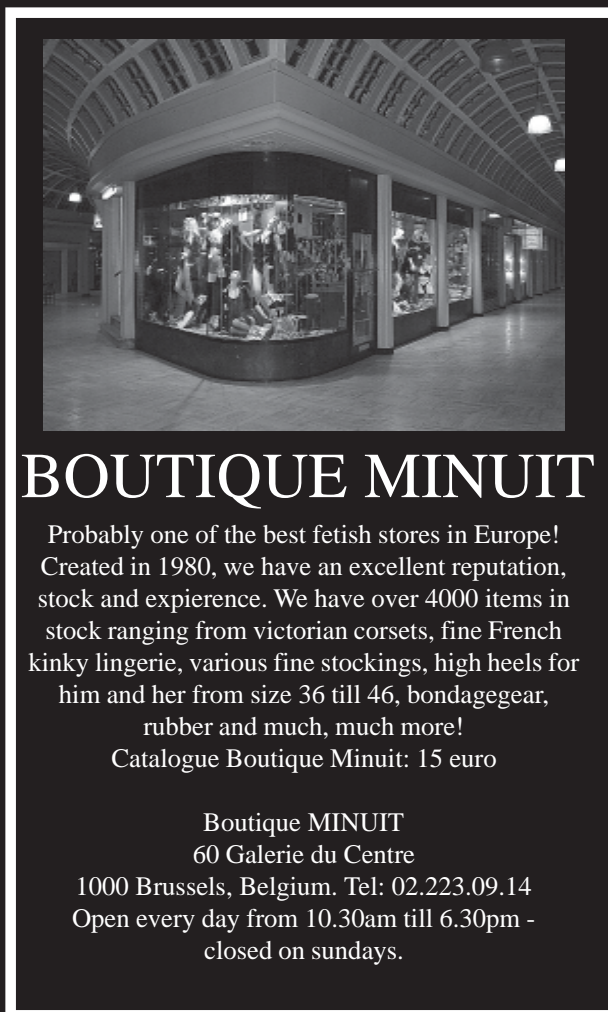


Personal or Postal Discipline & Training.
 Spanking
 Role Play
 CP
 BDSM
 Beginners Welcome
 10 mins J13 M4

MR
 PO Box 6027
 Newbury
 England RG14 7ZR
 07952 735671
master@sub-ways.co.uk



KICK UP YOUR Heels At...
www.justicehoward.com



BOUTIQUE MINUIT

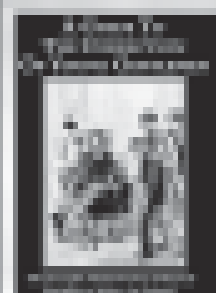
Probably one of the best fetish stores in Europe!
 Created in 1980, we have an excellent reputation,
 stock and experience. We have over 4000 items in
 stock ranging from victorian corsets, fine French
 kinky lingerie, various fine stockings, high heels for
 him and her from size 36 till 46, bondagegear,
 rubber and much, much more!
 Catalogue Boutique Minuit: 15 euro

Boutique MINUIT
 60 Galerie du Centre
 1000 Brussels, Belgium. Tel: 02.223.09.14
 Open every day from 10.30am till 6.30pm -
 closed on sundays.

EXQUISITE DISCIPLINARY LITERATURE

AKS
BOOKS
LIMITED

VISIT OUR ONLINE CATALOGUE AT AKS-BOOKS.CO.UK



A CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE DOG IN THE NIGHT-TIME BY MARK HADDON
A young boy with a unique way of seeing the world, Christopher Johnstone, is a brilliant and sensitive child. He is a genius, but he is also a child who is different. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class.



THE CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE DOG IN THE NIGHT-TIME BY MARK HADDON
A young boy with a unique way of seeing the world, Christopher Johnstone, is a brilliant and sensitive child. He is a genius, but he is also a child who is different. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class.



THE CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE DOG IN THE NIGHT-TIME BY MARK HADDON
A young boy with a unique way of seeing the world, Christopher Johnstone, is a brilliant and sensitive child. He is a genius, but he is also a child who is different. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class.



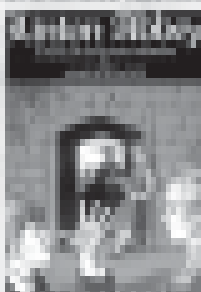
THE CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE DOG IN THE NIGHT-TIME BY MARK HADDON
A young boy with a unique way of seeing the world, Christopher Johnstone, is a brilliant and sensitive child. He is a genius, but he is also a child who is different. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class.



THE CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE DOG IN THE NIGHT-TIME BY MARK HADDON
A young boy with a unique way of seeing the world, Christopher Johnstone, is a brilliant and sensitive child. He is a genius, but he is also a child who is different. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class.



THE CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE DOG IN THE NIGHT-TIME BY MARK HADDON
A young boy with a unique way of seeing the world, Christopher Johnstone, is a brilliant and sensitive child. He is a genius, but he is also a child who is different. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class.



THE CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE DOG IN THE NIGHT-TIME BY MARK HADDON
A young boy with a unique way of seeing the world, Christopher Johnstone, is a brilliant and sensitive child. He is a genius, but he is also a child who is different. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class.



THE CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE DOG IN THE NIGHT-TIME BY MARK HADDON
A young boy with a unique way of seeing the world, Christopher Johnstone, is a brilliant and sensitive child. He is a genius, but he is also a child who is different. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class.



THE CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE DOG IN THE NIGHT-TIME BY MARK HADDON
A young boy with a unique way of seeing the world, Christopher Johnstone, is a brilliant and sensitive child. He is a genius, but he is also a child who is different. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class.



THE CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE DOG IN THE NIGHT-TIME BY MARK HADDON
A young boy with a unique way of seeing the world, Christopher Johnstone, is a brilliant and sensitive child. He is a genius, but he is also a child who is different. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class. He is a child who is different from the other children in his class.

AKS BOOKS LIMITED, 501 MILLERS WAY, BISHOPSTON, LEEDS LS10 3JL, EAST SUSSEX, TN14 1NR

AKS BOOKS LIMITED
501 MILLERS WAY
BISHOPSTON, LEEDS LS10 3JL

AKS BOOKS LIMITED
501 MILLERS WAY
BISHOPSTON, LEEDS LS10 3JL

AKS BOOKS LIMITED
501 MILLERS WAY
BISHOPSTON, LEEDS LS10 3JL

NAME _____	BOOK TITLE _____	PRICE _____
ADDRESS _____		
POSTCODE _____		
TELEPHONE _____		
EMAIL _____		
DATE _____		
SIGNATURE _____		
BOOK TITLE _____		
PRICE _____		
DATE _____		
SIGNATURE _____		
BOOK TITLE _____		
PRICE _____		
DATE _____		
SIGNATURE _____		

AKS BOOKS LIMITED, 501 MILLERS WAY, BISHOPSTON, LEEDS LS10 3JL, EAST SUSSEX, TN14 1NR

Lady Carla von Kemnitz

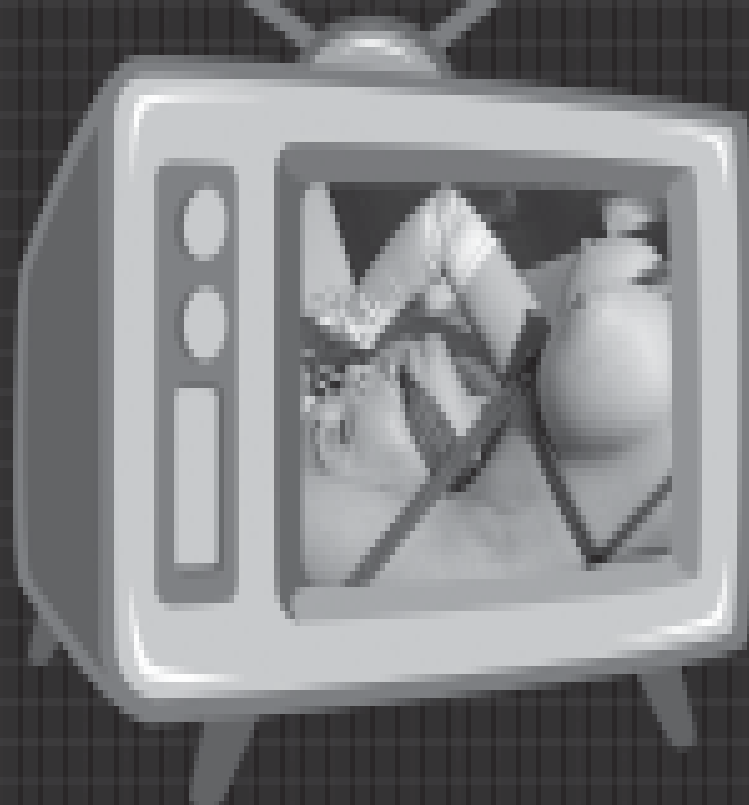


The website www.ladycarla.net

“Roissy” Dungeon of Lady Carla von Kemnitz
Rambla de Mercedes, 20 - 08024-Barcelona (Spain)

BONDAGEtelly.com

from the twisted mind of Julie Simone

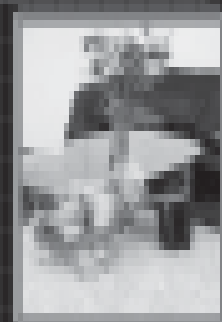
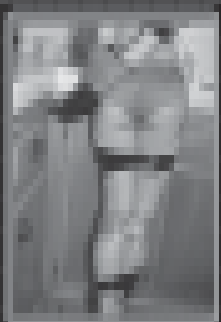
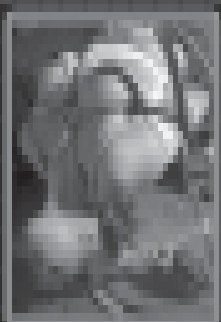


Over 20 Full Length
Features

Released by Julian Dunn

Featuring:
Audrey Blue
Jewell Johnson
Jasmine Perle
Lena White
Lily Taylor

www.bondagetelly.com



DONT FORGET TO ALSO VISIT:
JULIE SIMONE
VICIOUS. GLAMOROUS. & FRIENDS
JULIESIMONE.COM

Julie's Erotic Massage Haven
November 2000

Julie's Erotic
Workshop

Julie's Erotic

Julie's Erotic
Workshop

Julie's Erotic
Workshop

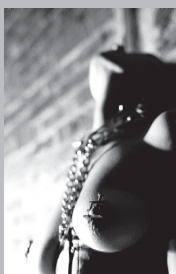
New books from SECRET!

Black Factory Sandra Jensen



Black Factory - pictures by Sandra Jensen. A discovery by Secret and now finally her book. Lives in Oslo, was a model herself before turning to photography, does the styling, hair and sometimes the make-up. Builds the sets and even designs and makes the clothing. This is her first book, over 100 pages, with dazzling B/W pictures mingled with poetry. A must. Order it now, as it will be a limited 1000 edition. Price: 35 euro/ 35Us\$ (*)

Del Valle

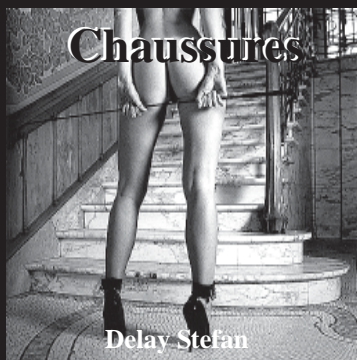


Photographies



Del Valle Photographies: The world of Del Valle is filled with gorgeous girls who love to expose themselves and let themselves go, all of this in front of his lens. This 1000 limited, hardcover book will probably be sold out before it will hit the bookstores, so order your copy now, or regret it later. - Price: 35 euro/ 35Us\$ (*)

Chaussures



Delay Stefan



Chaussures - pictures by Delay Stefan: author of our issue 17 cover, he has now shot our new shoe and boots catalogue. Announced as Stiletto, we changed the name into "Chaussures". For all lovers of excellent B/W pictures and high heel, this hardcover book/catalogue will be the pearl in your collection. All shoes are available in the Boutique Minuit store, or by mail and soon online. This is the best book I have ever made. Available spring 2001. Price: 17.5 euro/15US\$ (*)



EXTREME - Photo Anthology of Extreme lifestyles: this is the book other publishers didn't dare to publish. It's the Anthology of the most extreme photos top fetish photographers have taken. It's perfect bound, hardcover and limited at 1000 handnumbered books. If you don't have your copy yet, it's time to order. Price: 50 euro/£35/ 60 us\$. Available immediatly (* = postage included !!!)

Maitresse Alexandra Paris



In her eyes, domination is essentially a game of seduction. She impersonates the ideal woman, what all men's dreams are made of, vamp or sophisticated lady, nurse or school teacher...

Latex fetishist, suspended in an inflatable suit or bound in a leather sack, gas mask on your face - you'll be utterly under her control !

You may call her at +33 6 87 19 67 93

Or visit her website : www.maitresse-alexandra.com

You can see thousands of photos and video clips from real sessions, see videos, read stories by her slaves, live sessions ... all of this is accessible to members for only \$30 per month.

Maitresse Alexandra

Lady citizen of the OWK

site web : <http://www.maitresse-alexandra.com>

e-mail : maitressealexandra@wanadoo.fr

S - Art

The Alternative

Toys & Tools

Seminars

Piercings

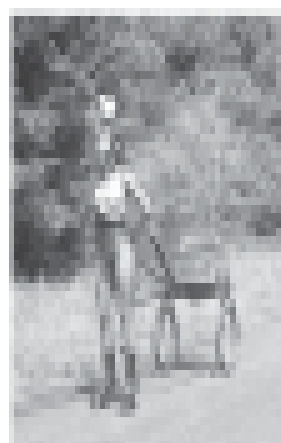


Ponygirl - Club

Workshops

Vip Parties

Germany - Spain



www.Ponygirl-Club.com

www.S-Art.com

www.Mud-Clay.com

Handmade Parts by S-Art



**Manufacturing - Wholesale - Custommade
Ponygirl, - Xtreme Bondage Videos / DVD 's**

Germany

Showroom

Spain

Lessingstrasse 11 A

Barcelona

41061 Moenchengladbach

Fon +49 172 30 700 55

Fon +49 2432 908790

english / german spoken

We take as time for you. Best Quality, Design & Functionality of all our parts.

Please be our Guest, you will be satisfied.

FETISH

PHOTO ANTHOLOGY



SECRET

New Australian Dominatrix in London



44(0)795789337n.dill. 44(0)799902643negation, role play, water sports, smoking
fetish, heavy whipping, behaviour modification. Multiple rooms. London NW4

www.mistressauroula.com

email urs125_@hotmail.com

Since 1997: The German Magazine for Nylon Lovers

LAUFMASCHE

*Texts only in German. Single issue: 12 €, 4 issues: 45 € (incl. p&g).
Advance payment - cash or bank transfer.*

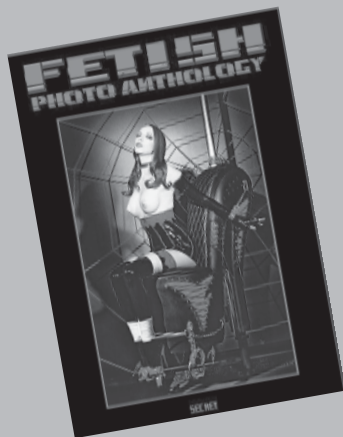
Absatz Verlag
P.O. Box 10 14 34 - D-47404 Moers - Germany



*As well we keep fully fashioned Nylons and classical suspender belts in stock.
Detailed informations for free on request.*

Bank: Sparkasse Moers
IBAN: DE87 1545 0060 0123 0036 91
SWIFT-BIC: MELADE33MOER

Tel.: +49 (0) 28 41/9 37 34
Fax: +49 (0) 28 41/9 37 33
www.laufmaschine.com



New Fetish Photo Anthology volume 4

Have you ever seen 150 photographers in one book? Ever seen 400 pages with the worlds best fetish photographers? Well, here it is finally! After 2 years of hard work the new bible of fetish photography!!!! Order your copy and see breathtaking images as never before. In this cyberworld paperbooks are precious....once you have seen this book, the word precious will mean something else than in Middle Earth.... you will have a very hard time to separete yourself from it's influence and every time you will touch it, cherish it as a loved one.... Price: 50 euro plus shipping (10 euro Europe - 15 euro other countries) Believe me, it's the best book I have ever made.... and you know how modest I am.

(cover picture by Christophe Mourthé - model: Emily Marilyn)

SECRET SUBSCRIPTION/ORDERFORM

- ☐ New ! Maîtresse Alexandrasmall book with pictures by Christophe Mourthé. 10 euro
- ☐ New ! FETISH PHOTO ANTHOLOGY VOLUME 4! 400 PAGES, PERFECT BOUND BOOK. 35 euro+10/15 europostage
- ☐ New ! Maîtresse Alexandra DVD plus small book by Christophe Mourthé. Price: 60 euro
- ☐ Promotion: Secret issue 19 - 20 for only 20 euro!!!!
- ☐ New : Kiss of Fire - pictures by Barbara Nitke. Price 36 euro/40 us\$ (postage 5euro - 10 euro overseas)
- ☐ New : Rubber Rituals (DVD or Video) Please state what you want?! Price: 65 euro
- ☐ STEFANIE gummi - rubbersex DVD by Karezza. Price: 80 euro
- ☐ MISTRESS collection by DeMask - pictures of famous Mistresses by Trevor Watson. Price: 40 euro
- ☐ Heavy Rubber by Marquis (last issue will be sent! Price: 25euro
- ☐ "CHAUSSURES" - hardcover art book on high heels & stockings pictures by Stefan DeLay. (15 euro)
- ☐ Please send me issue 14 - 15 - 16 - 17 - 18 - 19 - 20 - 22 - 23 of SECRET. (17.5 euro each !)
- ☐ Boutique MINUIT book/catalogue pictures by Christophe Mourthé (enclosed 17.5 euro)
- ☐ I order the next four issues of SECRET starting with issue ????:..... (enclosed 50euro)
- ☐ I order the EXTREME book. Limited 1000 handnumbered. (enclose a payment of 50 euro)
- ☐ I order the DELVALLE book. Limited 1000 copies. (enclose a payment of 35 Euro)
- ☐ I order the FETISH PHOTO ANTHOLOGY volume 2 - (only 20 copies for sale!)(price 50 euro)
- ☐ FETISH PHOTO ANTHOLOGY volume 3 limited edition of 100 numbered copies. 75 euro
- ☐ I order TRANSES D'IMAGES pictures by Guy Lemaire. I enclose a payment of 75 euro
- ☐ BIJOUX INTIMES issue 3. Catalogue of Piercing jewellery,not require any kind of piercing. (price 5 Euro)

Name: _____

Address: _____

Code: _____ City: _____

Country: _____

Credit Cards

☐ Visa ☐ Master/Eurocard ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐

Card Nr.: Expiry date: /

We are not responsible for seizure of SECRET by the customs. Be careful!!! Secret is sent in a plain envelope without any mention. It's impossible to cancel a subscription to SECRET or to have your money back in case of cancelling your subscription. OK? We may look as a rich and classy magazine, but we are only few so be patient. Thank you. If you do not want to dammage your favourite magazine, copy this page or send all details on a plain paper to this address:

SECRET MAGAZINE - P.O.BOX 1400 - 1000 BRUSSELS 1 - BELGIUM
www.SecretMag;com - email: editor@SecretMag.com

Secret24

Boutique Minuit
60 Galerie du Centre
1000 Brussels, Belgium
Tel: 32.2.223.09.14
Fax: 32.2.223.10.09
Probably the best fetish
store in Europe!

Whips
Rubber
Leather
Magazines
High Heels
Kinky Lingerie
Body Jewellery
Victorian Corsets

